Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The pursuit of politics for a day, or a week, or a campaign is beset with so many dangers and is so apt to end in disappointment or a protested election that the humblest of us can understand and appreciate the difficulties of a man who devotes his life to what is generally known as "the service of his country." The briefest experience is so laden with memories of the many people who wanted something for themselves or their friends, that it is not hard to understand the difficulties surrounding the man who as leader of a party strives to obtain place, or who, as head of a government, endeavors to retain it. It is the fashion to believe that politicians are without conscience, without God, without hope in this world or the next, except to get place and keep it, to create patronage and dispense it; it is esteemed their particular duty to become adepts in robbing the public treasury in order to pay for the services of the industrious supporter.

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A man who stays at home on election day because he doesn't know how to vote or will not go out unless he is sent for, because he doesn't care to vote, and the "touchy" man who thinks that if his vote is worth having it is worth asking for, are the men who are largely the cause of the politicians' need for money to run an election. The buying of votes is a small and dirty trade, but the getting of votes to the polls is oftentimes an expensive and troublesome business, yet one of national importance. It is this which makes it necessary to have a "fund" and these funds have tempted politicians to wrong-doing since governments were established and, unless something is done to remedy it, will continue to make economical and honest elections an impossibility.

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The danger if funds be not provided for this has frightened many well-intentioned politicians into corrupt practices in the matter of public contracts and in the dispensation of executive favors. We cannot altogether blame politicians for yielding, insomuch as the people by their supineness have made government difficult, if not impossible, if unaided by the hack, the volunteer carriage, the van and such means of recording what is really the genuine sentiment of the constituency. No man ever in public life in Canada resisted the importunities of those who felt these necessities, so religiously or so sternly as the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose services in and for Canada expired on Easter morning. Those who surrounded him were as importunate as the followers of every premier have been and are, and their necessities were great and their opportunities of corruption numerous. Mr. Mackenzie was rigidly and, as a rule, rudely honest. His friends always described his attitude as that of "aggressive honesty." I am unable to comprehend any honesty that is not aggressive. Passive honesty is as neutral a virtue as passive dishonesty is a neutral vice; they are the same, both mean concealment. Honesty has no concealments, and therefore I think that passive honesty is the same as inpulses so successfully that his neighbor cannot tell whether he is an honest man or a rogue, he is of no more value to the community than the villain who has subdued his vicious tendencies until he cannot be distinguished from an honest man. In fact, the mixing up of these neutral and passive people, the uncertainty in efforts to decide who is honest and who is dishonest has led to the general suspicion that nobody is honest. While he was in active life there were those who pretended to suspect the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie of dishonesty; there were many who really did suspect him of it; some of his nearest friends were sorry that he could not be induced to become guilty of it; many others regretted that he was so aggressive in his honesty: altogether it was the small minority that rejoiced in his unconcealed contempt of corrupt practices. Because he was not "handy" in providing election funds, because he was aggressively honest the Reform party discharged him from its employment. They thought they were employing him, that he was their servant; he thought differently. At any rate he was dismissed and aggressive honesty as exemplified by him received a rebuke which Canada will not soon forget.

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A man may be cynically dishonest, so generously prone to concede that nobody is honest, so happily humored as to make honesty itself a jest that his dishonesties and those of his friends may become established as one of those things which are a public necessity—a sort of an excusable immorality. On the other hand, a man may be so cynically honest as to convey the impression that he does not believe in the honesty of anybody but himself. The latter man creates the impression that if he were to die honesty would have to be mourned for and buried. It is hard to judge which man has the greater influence in destroying what may be termed as public self-respect. The man who pretends to no great honesty and laughingly includes the world as being of his way of thinking and acting, is not more dangerous than he who thinks that he is the only honest man of his generation. It is easy, however, to decide that the latter will be the more offensive and unpopular of the two. There has never been a time in which honest men have not lived, in which dishonest men have not been found, in which honest men have not sometimes been dishonest, in which dishonest men have not sometimes been honest. Surely then we cannot more effectually offend our neighbors, who may be either in their honest or dishonest mood, than by asserting either directly or indirectly that the custodian of all honor is other than themselves.

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I think a great many people have asked themselves the question, could not Mr. Mackenzie have been equally honest while being more conciliatory, more indirect? That is to say, could not he have been equally honest in governing the country while practicing the suave arts of the politician? Carrying it a little further, could he not have humbugged the people while still being honest? Which means, could he not have been a humbug and an honest man at the same time? When deputations went to see him it was his habit to express himself in a very crusty way, to deny their requests with no thought of anything save propriety and the advancement of the public good as he understood it. Of course he could have been more polite, yet politeness itself is composed of ninety per cent. of humbug. Let us suppose for a moment that he had been able to acquire the habit of being sweet and inoffensive to people who asked for wrong things. They would have continued to beslege him. As I have often said in these columns, the part of the Lord's Prayer that I repeat with most fervor is that which implores the great good God to lead us not into temptation. A man who conciliates the petitioner, who regards not justice nor follows the decalogue, will very soon be influenced by the prayers of those who at first beseech and then demand compliance with their wishes. In the old-fashioned church in which I was born and bred, it was held that sin must be either encouraged or rebuked. This meant that we either had to yield to the devil or tell him to get behind us. Though I have lost some of my orthodoxy I still fear the tempter, and feel that he must either be peremptorily banished or welcomed as a companion. Of course we may become passively good and be so unnoticeable for our virtues that no one will think of tempting us. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie belonged to the old school who believe in the "Get-thee-behind-me-Satan" style of treating the tempter. This method has become unpopular. The reason for its unpopularity is not hard to find. It is not generally practiced simply because it will not work. The Reformers felt that Satan should be treated more politely and the Hon. Edward Blake was chosen as one who could request his Satanic Majesty to retire in more polished language. He was not a success; in fact, the compromise with the devil was a distinguished failure. Mr. Blake's politeness was not sufficiently polite and worse still, the demand for the devil's retirement was not sufficiently imperative. I do not desire to seem bitterly partizan, yet upon Mr. Laurier's succession to the leadership I think it became evident that the suavity and cultured manner and urbane expression of the leader of the Reform party was not sufficiently vigorous to make the devil retire at all, and he who had once been a tempter and then had become a companion finally became a partner. I think this is the usual result of compromises.

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The Canadian youth finds nothing in history more worthy of imitation than the "aggressive honesty" of the man who on Easter morning died, and seemed to prove to this Dominion that any sort of honesty which is not in partnership with humbug is a failure. His life was like the first four acts of a play in which virtue triumphed. The fifth act, withered age, the sear and yellow leaf, all combined to make the ending saddening and depressing. The career of him who had fought his way from stonecutter to premier seemed to prove that there is no longer a high place in Canadian politics for the aggressively honest man.

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We learn how to act by watching those who are older than we are. Self-interest guides a thousand, while cold rugged virtue is attractive to but one. The lesson is before us. Canadian youth can draw but one conclusion; Grit and Tory alike can learn the same lesson, for both parties have been equally eager to demonstrate the unpopularity of sincerity and rugged adherence to principle.

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Gather ye, my gentle maids and masters, about the grave and learn from the sorrows of him who lies herein not to be aggressively honest. It is dangerous, my friends, to let the world see that your mind is clean and your intentions honorable. So conduct yourself as to lead the devil to suppose that you are willing to serve him; be equally but not over-zealously ready to cultivate that which is ordinarily regarded as Good. Walk circumspectly lest you be thought to be Too Good. The world does not like a man or a woman who is too good. Virtue is beautiful but it must be decorated; honesty is grand but it must be adorned with the frills of pretense plastered over with the stucco of politeness.

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Aside from the unhappy thoughts which must come to everyone who regards the grand endeavor of the man who is dead, aside from the glances which we as a Canadian people assembled at the funeral of a good and honest man must cast at one another, apart from the whisperings and wonderments arising out of his eager and almost intolerant pursuit of duty, what must we learn? His best motives, while he lived, were despised and derided by his opponents; his failure to secure office brought his throat beneath the guillotine of his party. The anxieties and worries of his public life shattered his health, until tottering with age and trembling with paralysis he became a pathetic picture of one who had been scourged for his virtue's sake and shamed because he was more honest than the men of his time. Surely his example and lamentable fate will be sufficient to prevent Canadian youth from following in his footsteps. How dare anyone be poor when the snow piles itself over the fireless shanty? How dare anyone be hungry when vice offers to fill the basket and replenish the store of those who are not aggressively honest? Can we conceive greater folly when the two most marked examples furnished by the party of purity itself, without going further afield, are placed side by side? Hon. Alexander Mackenzie pitied and wept over at his death, by those who shed their tears like the cruel parents who mourn the death of a crippled child whose deformities were the result of the abuse of brethren who should have loved and nourished him! Then on the other hand see the success and "splendid" political prominence of Hon. Oliver Mowat, a man who has succeeded in being a Christian politician while not being "aggressively honest."

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The old debating club dispute as to the rival pleasures of life in the city and country was probably threshed out by bag kneed and frowsy haired orators all over Ontario last winter, as has been done for twenty previous winters without any permanent decision being reached. It can never be settled definitely and it is a mighty good thing for the state that the pleasures of living are so equally divided that half the people prefer the country and half the city. But I am going to lay down an opinion that may startle both rural and urban readers, for it disputes an advantage that even farmers accord the city. And it is this: A boy reared in a big city like Toronto has not the same opportunities for success in life that a boy possesses who is reared on a farm or in a country town. This opinion is contrary to all current notions and at first glance seems absurd and impossible of defence, but there is something in it nevertheless. All theory would show me to be wrong but all the facts come to my aid and put theory to rout. Everyone is familiar with the traditional truth that nearly all the great men of the world in times past have been farm-bred, but this is not necessarily conclusive in my cause, for it may be fairly urged that agriculture being the main pursuit in past times it was entitled to produce the greatest crop of geniuses, as well as of fools and ordinary live-and-diers. Let the question be localized, however. In Canada there is now for the first time a considerably numerous generation of purely city-bred people, and if it transpires that country-bred folk outstrip these in politics, commerce and finance, then my contention will be proven. But it is too soon to look for results, because the cities have not been cities long enough, and the first fair competition is now being fought out on the streets, in the offices of large concerns, and in the hundred paths that lead up to Parliament. I believe not only that the country boy will win, but further, that he ought to win, and has opportunities for winning success superior to those of the city boy of similar intelligence and financial standing. It is an ancient habit to heap praise upon the head of a successful man and give him excessive credit of overcoming the disadvantages surrounding him when he was a youthful farm lad, but no one has to my knowledge ever paused to analyze the disadvantages that surround a city youth and force him into a mediocre place.

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It is not necessary to refer to the saloons and the low temptations that beset a city youth, for the time has now come when these evils only overthrow those who are either too weak or too vicious to amount to much under any circumstances. The fashion of pointing out every not as a man who has forgotten more than anybody else ever knew—as a man who could put all the great men of the earth in his pocket if he did not put beer in his mouth—has gone pretty much out of date and none too soon, either. The very things that are considered the city boy's advantages are the disadvantages that pin him down. Take the young man who comes in from the country, whether from the farm or from one of the county towns. He is possessed of ruddy health, a curiosity that nothing can appease, an open-eyed wonder that no false pride can conceal. He finds himself in his strong young manhood at the door of a wonderful life of new things which he is anxious to know and is sufficiently developed to understand. Coming upon them thus, he can appreciate the relative importance of institutions, whereas the city boy, finding them ready made the moment he opened his eyes, grows up regarding them as matters of course like alternating night and day. Familiarity breeds in him a contempt for things that are by no means contemptible, and the thousand idealistic examples that inspire the country boy to noble efforts stand bare and unattractive before him, to chill rather than to fire his ardor. The great metropolitan preacher whose visit to any rural district is the event of a decade in those parts, whose sermons are printed in the papers and read by the country readers and whose wise words are heeded by farm boys—this preacher is cheap to the young fellow in the city. Perchance he hears him every Sunday and is tired of his changeless profundity, or knows that he is always pulling wires for more salary; or that for his own aggrandizement he bought coupons for himself in a popular minister contest; or that he is notoriously henpecked by a shrew wife; or that he is father to a putty-faced son who blabs on all the other boys. Any of a dozen reasons may suffice to convert into unlovely realism this idealized object of a country boy's admiration.

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The daily papers, which out in the country are held in such awe that when a relative gets a place upon one, even in a mechanical capacity, there seems to be no further triumph for him to seek after—the dailies, to close inspection make a poor showing. The youth standing near by sees men enter the business office with purses in their hands and out from the press room doors issue great bundles of papers booming the same men for offices of any sort desired. The cheap fame achieved by cheap men through the columns of daily papers at so much per line, decrades the newspaper in the eyes of the city boy. The Ontario Legislature, which to the rural youth is a grand parliament where the greatest men of the day assemble, and where, if he cultivates his noblest energies, he may one day triumphantly take a seat, is to the city boy a sort of county council where a lot of men from way-back meet and do the bidding of a clever Mowat or a clever Meredith, leaders who are rather pitied for wasting abilities that might be better expended elsewhere. To the city youth also there comes a different idea of what qualifies a man for admission to that Legislature. Not by cultivating his noblest energies is he to succeed, but by cultivating a good strong pull somewhere, and the inducement is not the honor contained, for he sees none, but the pecuniary or other advantage such a position would yield. Out in the country D'Alton McCarthy is a great man, here he is a lawyer; out in the country the story of how Frank Smith rose from a grocery clerkship to be a millionaire and a Senator is told for the benefit of the boys, while here the boys have bought street car tickets from him and he is no hero to them. Edward Blake, the political sphinx, is a great mystery and a sort of deity to the youth in rural parts, but here the young men hear him give humorous readings. And so it goes. The country boy has a hundred incentives, a hundred examples to imitate, a hundred ideals where the city boy has one. The latter sees too much before he is strong enough to bring the necessary amount of comprehension to bear upon what he sees. He has experienced as much at ten as the other at twenty, and if he preserves faith in humanity and respect for the institutions of the country and succeeds in life, he deserves more praise than a country boy, for his character and his mind have passed through greater perils than any that confront the farm youth.

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Therefore I expect the result will show that city boys will continue to be clerks in the warehouses of those green gawky boys who come in from the country at eighteen.

MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE.

See Page 7.

More of the latter would become merchant princes but that the supply is kept within bounds by their habit of blowing out the gas on their first night in town. This innocent habit is quite in accord with the free agency of the individual, yet through it divine wisdom regulates the commercial and financial equilibrium of every great city. I must, therefore, always regard attempts to devise a new and safe cock for gas jets as profane and sacrilegious experiments, bound to bring down the curse of Babel upon the rash hand that tampers with it.

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Sitting in the office window overlooking Adelaide street, I, every day after lunch, smoke a pipe and make a study of the faces and figures and probable characters and occupations of those who pass along the sidewalk. Some days I see only ridiculous people with the most outlandish style of garments or the most hippety-hop gait, and I laugh as they go by. Other days there seems to issue a solemn sermon from the echo of every step of every passer, and people who wear mourning, and women who labor under weary burdens, and children who frolic along in filthy rags, and cripples who proceed on crutches parade across my stage to dispirit me. Still other days there is a mixed procession that gives one a confused feeling of mirth and melancholy, and I wonder if there is really this marked diversity in the crowd from day to day, or if my notions are the result of a shifting mood. I wonder if the crowd is always the same, and if when I lunch handsomely I take an arrogant and selfish turn and sneer at people with whom, on a day when I partake of an ill-cooked meal, I experience a feeling of sympathy, perhaps as ill baked as its incentive. But it can scarcely be the same crowd of people, for yesterday inside half an hour I counted three hunch-backed men in it for the first time; and one other day, the strangest yet, there was a regular parade of people without chins. To be sure they supposed they had chins, and they did not know that some secret influence had gathered them all together, but there they were, and not one of them whose face did not recede into his neck with a swift and graceless slant. Another day there was an imposing turn-out of rabbit-toothed people, and there is reason to believe that they all went to the dentist's and had their faces remodeled, for I have not seen a set of rabbit teeth since. This idea that people having some distinguishing mark somehow are thrown into neighborhood, is no idle fancy of the moment with me, for it is true, and anyone can convince himself of it by making observations. If you meet a man having only one arm, stand still and wait and you will presently fancy that an army hospital up street has discharged all its patients. And so it goes. The streets are spinning out wonderful stories, for red-headed girls and white horses are not the only features which group themselves.

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Come here, say I, to yonder school of scientists, who with telescopes are puzzling out the mystery of the heavens or with microscopes are searching for protoplasms of life in the dust, or with wrinkled brows are studying life in history, or weighing it in philosophy or crying over it in fiction—come here, say I, to this whole confraternity of over-wise gone mad from much learning, and look out the window! See Life itself. Let the books of the dead be interred with their authors, let the heavens alone, for they are eternal; let the dust alone, for if it has a secret it is as well unmolested; let not book history divert you, nor the philosophy of foggy theorists like yourself consume your time; let not fiction entrance you, but look out the window and see Life unfolding its history, confounding all philosophy, and enacting truths that outdo fiction. There somewhere in that passing crowd goes a man who, to-morrow or one day next year, will commit a wicked murder, and the tragedy is undergoing conception in his inscrutable heart this minute, maybe; there goes another who carries the secret of undetected crime safely ensconced behind a faultless respectability of attire and habit; past him with light step hurries another who is fated to heroically sacrifice his life for that of a friend, jostling, as he goes, against a girl who will traverse all the pathway from the fairy mountains to the dirty gutters; and there a woman whose whole career will be one grand blessing to humankind. Which is which? You will search in vain for signs showing which man is apprenticed to murder and which to noble deeds; which woman fated to wear the black, repulsive brand of shame. But they are there every one, passing and re-passing beneath the window as unconscious of each other as you are of them. Better might you try to appreciate the majesty of the ocean's swell by gazing into the little limits of a cistern, than try to comprehend life from books.

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Was not it a flaw in the craft of the Evil One when he took the Saviour into an exceedingly high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the earth and sought to exchange them for divine homage? How contemptible all things must have looked from such a pinnacle! Mankind like little insects hugging the dust, and each separate inconsequent atom of life intent upon some personal and frivolous purpose that perishes in its execution, the proffered dominion over such a possession must have seemed a trifle to One standing at such a point of vantage. Even from a high window and to purely human eyes, and with futurity something of a problem, life below seems contemptible. Small bipeds hurrying about in opposite directions guided by no apparent motive, all at cross purposes and dropping in rapid turn into graves which the survivors fill up and then walk over—such is life from a very high window, and a look at it might well humble the most impudent spirit. Man only looks real big when you lie down in the dirt and look up at him.

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The trolley fight in this town is bound to be settled the wrong way no matter which side wins. Having arrived at this soothing conclusion I do not care how soon the wrong consummation is reached. As usual, the papers have split up on the matter and we have the excited assurance of one wing that the trolley is a terrible death-dealing nuisance, and of the other wing that the storage is no good and that people die of old age while traveling five miles on it. This is how I know that the wrong system will be adopted, they both being wrong. The papers that opposed the trolley will, if it is adopted, amuse themselves during the next quarter of a century by reminding us that they told us so, whenever any accident or hitch occurs, but this exasperation could not be evaded, for some know-all sheet always has told us everything beforehand.

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This is a city where private enterprise does everything and public enterprise is ashamed of. The new Union Station and Esplanade, the drill shed, the rifle range, the infectious diseases hospital, the electric street railway, the Ashbridge's Bay improvement, and perhaps the slow-moving Court House might be included—these all rise in evidence to show the absence of public enterprise here. Why cannot something be done? There are vast numbers of sturdy laborers in town and there are vast public undertakings that might as well be commenced forthwith and would have been commenced if the civic administration had sailed into big things instead of fussing around little ones to please corner-grocery financiers. With regard to the new Union Station, surely some of those large promises and sweeping intentions expressed by the railways last summer were preserved on paper by the city clerk, and in so vital and big a bargain, when the city was represented by such able lawyers, surely some time-limit was specified, binding the railway companies to carry out their part of the agreement this century! Everybody was asked to congratulate everybody else on the favorable settlement of the Esplanade trouble last summer, but we were not told that the settlement really meant that the three parties to the dispute were to quit quarrelling and let things remain as they were. We were not told that that old crystal palace of a Union Station was to stay there in active use until it caves in. Several unpublished features of the agreement are likely to transpire as the railroads see fit to announce them.

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Last year several architects and prominent citizens urged through the press that the city should purchase property at the two northern corners of King and Yonge streets and round them off. The great amount of traffic at those corners all day long, and the stagnation ensuing, and the accidents frequently occurring to life and property were pointed out in justification of the scheme, and it was further urged that every year would add to the cost of this improvement which would become absolutely necessary, at whatever cost, some day. As far as I know the subject was never mentioned in Council, probably none of the aldermen being interested in property thereabouts. Well, that which was prophesied has come to pass. The old building on the north-east corner is being replaced by a large and modern building and the cost of that improvement if undertaken next year will be nearly twice what it would have cost last year. On the opposite corner a new building is also liable to be undertaken before very long, again multiplying the cost. After everything is fixed up seven stories high with marble pillars and so forth, then the Council may decide upon the improvement. It would be unfair to make any advances until the property owners have time to pile a half a million dollars on their corner lots and then make a clear million by selling to the city. This scheme for widening the corner of King and Yonge streets should have been decided on its merits, once and for all, before this.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The entertainment given by the Victoria Dramatic Club on Tuesday evening was a most gratifying success. About five hundred guests responded to the invitations and enjoyed a very delightful evening. The committee, particularly Mr. Harry Strickland, deserves every credit for their efforts. Mr. Strickland made the hit of the evening as Nicodemus Nobbes, a toy peddler, in the farce Turn Him Out. Miss Ethel Palin as Mrs. Macintosh Moke and Mr. Claude Norris as Moke were extremely well presented, Miss Palin particularly entering with spirit into her part and looking very pretty, as well as showing great facility in that most difficult accomplishment, stage gesture. The farce Who's Who? was also well done, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh having a good stage presence, and Miss Sowdon and the remainder of the *caste* giving a conscientious and careful rendering of their several parts. Mr. Blackwood kindly contributed, as an *entre acte*, a very sweet rendering of violin selections from Il Trovatore, which evoked hearty applause. The following were the invited guests: Col. and Mrs. Sweny, the Misses Homer-Dixon, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton, Mr. W. R. Strickland, Mrs. Willie Tully, the Misses Morphy, Mr. Ernest Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, the Misses Seymour, Mr. Ernest Vankoughnet, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Capt. MacDonell, Capt. Bennett, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Drummond, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. George Denison, Mr. George Denison, jr., Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Fred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mr. Carter Troop, Miss Temple, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Graham, Mrs. Joy, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, the Misses Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacDougall, Miss MacDougall, Miss Newbegging, Miss Broughall, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Col. and Mrs. Milligan, the Misses Milligan, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Pyke, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, the Misses Grayson-Smith, Mr. Grayson-Smith, the Misses Sandford Smith, Mr. Gordon Smith, the Misses Pringle, Dr. and Mrs. Pringle, the Misses Swabey, the Misses Bright, Mr. P. D. Strickland, Mr. W. D. Strickland, Mr. Graham Adam, Miss Mamie MacDowell, the Misses Angus MacDonell, Miss Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Miss Julia Strickland, Miss Muchall, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, the Misses Ince, Mr. W. R. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. Ince, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight, Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. Percy and Miss Maule, Miss McEvillie, the Misses and Messrs. Morgan, Miss Ethel Ridout, Mr. Brown, Messrs. Allan and Claude Macdonell, Mr. Sanford Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holland, Mrs. and the Misses and Messrs. Sowdon, Mr. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Dr. Scadding, Mr. Rutherford, Mrs. and Miss Palin, Mr. Fred Holland, Messrs. Reid, Miss Linton, Messrs. Arthur and W. W. and the Misses Vickers, Miss Houghton, Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, Prof. and Mrs. Symons, Mr. A. F. MacDonald, Mrs. and Messrs. C. C. and E. F. Amey, Mr. C. C. Ross, Major and Mrs. and Mr. T. Delamere, Mr. Fahey, Mr. and Mrs. T. Nicholls, Mr. Law, Mr. and the Misses Langtry, Mr. and Miss Roberts, Mr. A. McLean Macdonell, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Palmer, Miss Stammers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Cronyn, Miss Moore of Peterboro', Miss Merrick of Peterboro', Miss Allison of Strathroy, Miss Hall of Peterboro', Miss Guernsey of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tate, the Misses Wilson, Miss Millar, Mr. Hall, Miss Edith Dixon, Mi s Broughall, Mr. Harvey Broughall, Mr. Norrie, Mrs. McCord, Miss Hummel, Mr. Reesor, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Miss Canniff, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dunsford, Miss Taylor, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Parsons, Mr. G Stinson, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Hall, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Brown, the Misses Birchall, Mr. H. Nunn, Mr. Bryce McMurrich, Mrs. and the Misses Gibson, Miss Moodie, the Misses Edwards, Miss Barron of Lindsay, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Amy Gimson and others. I noticed among many pretty costumes, Miss Gussie Morphy, gray and white; the Misses Strickland in black net; Miss Montizambert looked well in pink silk; Miss Nellie Newbegging in nile green; Miss Sybil Seymour looked extremely well in pink and black; Miss Seymour in black and gold; Miss Amy Boulton wore black and pink; Miss Mary Robinson wore a pretty mauve frock; Miss Leila Pringle wore a dainty and becoming heliotrope gown; Miss Elsie Pringle wore white; Miss Amy Grierson looked very pretty in a pink dress; the Misses Ince looked well in very handsome evening gown; Mrs. James T. Boyd wore an elegant gown of black silk and jet; Miss Edith McLean in cream and mauve delaine; Miss McLean wore a yellow silk and Greek coiffure; Miss Temple, a pretty pink gown; Miss Ida Milligan wore a plain white frock; Miss Adelaide Wadsworth wore black net and crimson flowers.

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Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre has left the Arlington Hotel and is on a visit to her old home, Mapiebank, in Guelph. She will take up her residence at 23 Cecil street after the first of May.

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It will be of interest to a large number of musical people in Toronto, as well as friends, to know that Mrs. J. C. Smith, who is making a visit in New York city, was requested to sing at St. John's Catholic church, in Orange, N. J., at the unveiling and dedicating of a magnificent new altar. Archbishop Corrigan of New York officiating. I quote the Orange *Herald*, which says: "The singing of Mrs. Smith, whose home is in Toronto, Canada, was the feature of the programme. Her Ave Maria was a musical treat and of an artistic character seldom heard in this city." It must have been very gratifying to Mrs. Smith to know that her efforts were so much appreciated.

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Mrs. Douglas of 62 St. Albans street gave a charming At Home last evening.

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Miss Connie Jarvis is visiting in Detroit.

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Dr. Charles Temple has accepted the appointment of surgeon in the steamship Empress of India.

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Mrs. Montizambert gave a tea on Thursday at 74 St. George street.

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This afternoon and evening will witness the concluding performances of the Russian Honeymoon, in the success of which so many of our society and charitable folks are interested.

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Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, whose success as an elocutionist in Toronto is not forgotten, has met with very gratifying success in Portland, Oregon, and other western cities.

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Mr. Percy Scholfield, manager of the Standard Bank, Brussels, Ont., was in town during the Easter holidays.

*

Miss Jessie Alexander has gone to New York to fulfil some important engagements. She sails for Europe by the City of Paris on May 6th, for her summer rest and outing.

*

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. W. E. Redway, designer and builder of the steamboat Garden City, on the evening of the launch of that vessel, which took place on Wednesday, April 13, from the John Doty Engine Co.'s, shipyard at the foot of Bathurst street. A large number of his employees waited upon Mr. Redway for the purpose of presenting him with an address and a handsome diamond ring as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by his workmen. Mr. Redway, although taken completely by surprise, replied in his usual happy manner and concluded by paying a graceful tribute to the Doty company for the plucky and business-like manner in which they had taken hold of the coming boom in iron and steel ship-building, and ventured the prophecy that provided one of the new whale-back steamers were built as he contemplated, an era of prosperity would be inaugurated that would eventually throw all other industries in the shade.

*

St. George's society give their annual dinner on Monday evening at the Walker House.

*

Miss Agnes Knox has returned from Scotland.

*

Mrs. P. C. Allan and Miss Maud Allan returned last week after a two months' trip to the Bermuda Islands.

*

One of the most successful of the Good Friday concerts was given in the Central Methodist church. Mr. Harold Jarvis sang beautifully, and a new elocutionary light, Miss Marguerite Baker, gave a couple of splendid recitations, Longfellow's Legend Beautiful and Bryant's Robert of Lincoln. A vast crowd of nice people sat seriously in the cosy pews, and the programme, being of a grave and almost entirely sacred character, was in harmony with the spirit of the hour.

*

An interesting wedding took place last Wednesday in Owen Sound, when Miss Daisy H. Pearce, daughter of Mr. C. C. Pearce, License Inspector of Owen Sound, and Mr. William A. Ritchie, Supt. Pullman Palace Car Co., Montreal, were married. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. J. Fraser at half-past eleven a. m., and the happy couple left for a bridal tour, followed by the good wishes of a host of friends.

*

The Bishop of Toronto has returned from England after an absence of three months, accompanied by Master Stanley Sweatman. A number of friends were waiting at the station to welcome the bishop, among whom I noticed Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, Revs. Canon Sanson, Canon Sweney, Canon Logan, Canon Cayley, Rev. G. I. Taylor, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Rev. R. C. Caswell and Rev. J. Hill.

*

A very jolly dinner was that given by the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club at Webb's, on Tuesday. About sixty members and guests were present, and some capital speeches were made.

*

Rev. J. P. Lewis preached an Easter sermon in Jerusalem.

*

Hon. John Beverley Robinson will spend some time in England.

*

Ex-Alderman George Lindsay is expected home shortly. He has derived much benefit from his stay on the Pacific coast.

*

Among the Toronto people we shall miss shortly are: Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Henry Neville, Mrs. E. Skilton, Mr. S. Lawrence, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brent, Mr. Robert Liddle, Mrs. Giles, Mr. W. Cantle, Dr. W. W. Wastran, Mr. David Larmour, Mr. William Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Cardwell and Miss Cardwell, Miss Tilson, Mrs. (Dr.) Williamson and Miss Williamson, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. John and Mrs. Young, Mr. F. Holmes, Dr. H. Wickens and Mr. H. Givens.

*

Miss Bessie Parsons is visiting Miss Lindsay of Detroit.

*

The course of the literary and scientific classes in connection with Hope Congregational church was brought to a close on Monday evening with a lecture and social. Mr. W. Revell, A. R. C. A., gave the lecture on How we See and What we See. The subject was ably treated from an artistic standpoint and was cleverly illustrated by drawings on the blackboard. The audience testified their appreciation by hearty and repeated applause. Solos and readings by Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Revell, Master Witchall and instrumental music by Miss Bentley preceded the lecture, and refreshments furnished by the ladies of the church followed. A most enjoyable evening was spent and pleasurable anticipations are cherished of the reopening of the classes next fall. A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to the teachers, Miss Amy and Mr. Frank Bentley, the lecturer and the ladies and gentlemen who had taken part.

*

St. Paul's Literary Society under the direction of Mrs. Belle Rose E'nalle presented a drama entitled A Regular Fix, and an operetta, Swiss Courtship, on Wednesday evening, April 20th, to a large and appreciative audience. The actors displayed considerable histrionic talent and are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they overcame the difficulties incidental to amateur theatricals. Miss Scanlan as Lisette, Mr. F. Moyan as Max, Mr. John Larkin as Hugh de Bras, Mr. P. J. Nevin as Naty Tick, Mr. J. McDermot as Surplus deservedly excited applause, and were ably seconded by others. The picturesque Tyrolese costumes and uniforms worn were designed by Mr. McKenna and the music supplied by Signor V. Glionna's orchestra. Amongst those present were: Rev. Fathers Ryan, Walsh, Brennan, Kelly, Minahan, Lamarche, Mrs. Justice Falconbridge, Miss K. Mallon, Mr. McCabe, B.A., Mrs. and Miss Kelly, Mr. D. Kelly, Mr. R. B. Dickson, Mr. P. Boyle, Mr. Millar, Miss K. F. Mallon, Miss M. Currie, Miss O'Connell, Miss O'Neil, Miss Delaney, Miss Daley, Messrs. Moyan, Murphy, Cowan, Emslie, and Nevin.

*

A pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. J. B. King, 54 St. Mary street, last Wednesday evening, when Mr. A. G. Malcolm and Miss Mattie King, second daughter of Mr. King, were married. The bride was gowned in embroidered fawn *crepon*, and looked exceedingly well. Miss S. Corrinne

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Fashion in General.

THE new display of colored glasses for sorbets, Roman punches and other table dishes is exceedingly attractive. In brilliancy and delicacy of color nothing is more beautiful than the French ware. The Bohemian looks coarse beside it and the vaunted glass of Venice is lacking in color. The daintiest little cups and saucers are shown in the display of colored glasses. These are for serving Roman punches. The new flower-holders are in the tall, slender, graceful shapes of last year, but the manufacturers, in order to make them novel, have introduced a decoration of raised glass, something like the raised glasswork in Venetian glass. It is realistic and coarse, though that does not prevent its being expensive. These flower-holders are entwined with a raised cobea vine, which decorators seem recently to have imagined possesses abundance of grace. It is not, however, so graceful as many native climbers, but it has the charm of novelty. Any decoration in china or glass in high relief is usually a thing to be avoided as a matter of taste. Oriental pottery makers know how to make use of such decoration within its limits, and the old majolica workers of Italy, who are thought to have learned their art from the Orient, understood it. But the average modern worker in pottery or glass does not seem to possess the artistic acumen to raise decorations with success.

•

And so we are to see a return of the polonaise. It was during its former existence one of the most becoming of garments, and will, no doubt, be cordially welcomed, especially by those who recall the stylish and elegant effects made possible by its artistic lines and curves. Its return, however, will be marked by some radical departures from the old-time models. Straight, close-fitting and severe, it will begin its season of favor with the very fewest possible frills and furbelows. A Paris model shows a very elegant polonaise costume, with a bell skirt, and the polonaise in a sort of elongated jacket effect, with the fronts cut away in a straight line from shoulders to hem, and filled in with a stylish vest of contrasting material. The garment is in effect but very little different from the three-quarter length jacket, save that it almost reaches the hem of the skirt, and is made of the dress material. There are models with straight high collar and wide cuffs of velvet or silk; others with collar, vest front, cuffs and pocket-lids of rich brocade, with ground matching the costume in color. Other styles have collar, cuffs, and front of metal embroidery or passementerie, and one model, which has been the subject of considerable comment, has a passementerie corselet which encases the figure like the calyx of a flower.

•

Sealing wax is fashionable again, and a meaning is now attached to each color. White sealing wax means a proposal of marriage; black, of course, mourning; violet, condolence; brown, or old gold, an invitation to dinner; ruby is used by lovers; crimson is reserved strictly for business; green means hope; pale gray, friendship; pink, love letters; yellow, jealousy; gold and silver, constancy, etc. Note paper is to be had in corresponding shades and in all shapes and forms. Mourning paper is now absolutely black, edged with silver, and silver ink is used to write thereupon. A pretty spring novelty is the flower paper. It is of pale blue, pink, lilac or green, and is powdered all over with the buds and petals of flowers in a yet lighter hue. Forget-me-nots or gentianellas on the blue, roses and apple blossoms on the pink, crocuses, violets or twigs of lavender on the lilac, and buttercups and daisies on the green. The envelopes match the paper, and are lined with silver. These are the latest Parisian fads in stationery.

•

Navy blue *crepon* with snow-flakes of white, and ribbed crosswise, is one of the novelties for spring dresses. It is made to give a princesse effect, yet the waist is full, and is girdled with black satin ribbon to hide the joining of the skirt. This girdle is in wide folds even around the lower edge, and pointed up in Swiss fashion in the back, the fulness of the bell skirt being gathered each side of the sloped back seam and strapped on to the satin. White *chiffon* is accordion-pleated as a long plastron, and hooked to the left under the girdle. A collar of white Irish point curves low like a yoke. The immense sleeves droop at the top, and are simply turned back an inch from the wrist and faced with black satin. A navy blue serge dress has the popular yellow shade for a Mikado blouse of Indian silk with large blue designs on the pale yellow ground, the whole in accordion pleats that begin at the back of the neck, then are drawn forward under the arms, and cross the fronts below a square yoke of navy blue satin. A jabot of the broadest sash ribbon of the same blue shade is pleated in three clusters at the top, then the ribbon passes plainly to the waist line and ends in two *choux*. Over this is worn a serge jacket, as short as an Eton jacket, fitted by a seam down the back, and trimmed on the front edges with three-cornered revers of the serge corded with the yellow silk, and also with the deep blue satin. The sleeves are gigot-shaped, and the bell skirt has a wide border of blue satin ribbon piped with yellow and blue cords.

•

Gourd decoration is one of the fashionable fads of the season. The designs are traced with pen and ink, done in the poker work, or washed in with water colors. A fanciful design, indicating the use for which the ground is intended, is appropriate; for instance, a receptacle for sweetmeats is ornamented with a huge gaddy holding a large spoon with which he is supposed to be stirring boiling sugar in a saucepan. A swarm of flies, scenting the sweet odor, are hovering about. A water bottle has an appropriate idea of seaweeds and feathery forms. Japanese designs are also used. A sketchy design of Rebecca at the Well is pretty for a water bottle or drinking cup. This should first be traced on the surface with a pen and India ink, filled in with oil colors and covered with a coat of French varnish. Another way of preparing them is to oil the surface well, then scratch the design, after which rub the whole over with lamp black and oil, which sinks into the engraved lines and shows them off.

•

Linen doilies are made in the shape of large flowers, as poppies, clematis and water lilies, and are covered almost entirely with embroidery, giving the effect of natural blossoms.

•

An overdoor panel gives a finish to an otherwise awkward space, and does not involve the decoration of the entire room. A mass of roses in one corner, with the petals blowing in the wind, is an effective treatment, and a bit of sky effect, with flying birds or butterflies, carries out the idea.

•

A pink room has walls of delicately pink tufted satin, curtains of light rose tapestry and filmy lace, furniture of graceful design in white and gold, with plush and tapestry upholstery in the prevailing sprays of fine white flowers, a crystal chandelier, and a white and gold grand piano. The effect is cameo-like, and very beautiful. LA MODE.

A Hoe-Down.

For Saturday Night.

D'yo hear dese damsels comin'?
Der harps day es er strummin'!
Chung chung! Chung chung!
Hi, Darkies! Yous er singin';
De banjos days er ringin'!
Plunk plunk! Plunk plunk!
Mek yo yuh feet er shuffle,
Ef yo doan want er scuffle!
Sush sush! Sush sush!
Hark how doss bones day rattle;
Lek forty millions cattle!
Klack klack! Klack klack!
Hey! Mek doss cymbals jingle
Teh yo finger-tips day tingle!
Cling cling! Cling cling!
Doss geniees on doss mines
Er a-swappin' odder kisses!
Yum yum! Yum yum!
Git out dar! Watch yo figures,
Yo guffernuffin niggers!
Dance dance! Dance dance!

JOHN A. COPLAND.

Art and Artists.

THE last meeting of the O. S. A. Messrs. Curtis, Williamson and W. E. Atkinson were elected members, and the Hanging Committee were nominated for the coming annual exhibition in May, as follows: W. D. Blatchley, J. W. L. Forster, W. A. Sherwood, F. A. Verner, S. Jones and J. Smith.

•

Mr. J. W. L. Forster last week completed a fine portrait of Mr. Otto Klotz of Preston, which was presented to that gentleman by a committee of citizens of that town Monday night. The event was a surprise, the old gentleman supposing that his family were having the painting made, and only learning when it was formally handed over to him that it was an expression of public esteem. Mr. Klotz during his long life has been quite an important figure in the German colony of Waterloo county, and his advice is still much sought after by those in difficulty. When two quarrelsome people refer their disputes to him and he deals out justice to them, his decision is taken as implicitly as a Supreme Court judgment. He has been an enthusiastic worker in educational matters during his long life, and in his clear head originated some part of the public school system afterwards operated and perfected by Dr. Ryerson. Mr. Klotz made a very fine subject for a portrait with his great benevolence and intelligence, and I think Mr. Forster did the subject justice. The painting is life size, three-quarter figure, and dimly in the background is a library of books. Mr. Klotz holds on his knees an open volume of Redpath's History, while at his left stands a globe, the whole effect suggesting the studious habits and diversified knowledge of the subject under treatment.

•

Mr. Carl Ahrens has closed his studio on Adelaide street and gone out for the summer. He is probably the first of the artists to do so this year. MACK.

A Natural Consequence.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient; "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

An Exciting Race.

Mrs. Hooligan—Phwat's come over yez, Dinnis, ter make ye wurrick so fast-loike?

Mr. Hooligan—Whisht! Stan' out o' me way, an' don't shtop me! Oi 'm shtrivin' t' git t'rough before me paint gives out.

After the Scrap.

Pat—T was the divil av a blow the dago gave yer. Yer wuz near kill.

Mike—Begorra, I wish I had died that I moite see the villain hung.

CHOICE ROSES, CHOICE ROSES
AND ALL KINDS OF SPRING FLOWERS
SUCH AS
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COATS, &c.
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A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

The life of Isobel Hannay had not, up to the time when she left England to join her uncle, been a very bright one. At the death of her father, her mother had been left with an income that enabled her to live, as she had gentecily at Brighton. She had three children: the eldest a girl of twelve; Isobel, who was nine; and a boy of six, who was sadly deformed, the result of a fall from the arms of a careless nurse when he was an infant. It was at that time that Major Hannay had come home on leave, having been left trustee and executor, bad seen to all the money arrangements, and had established his brother's widow at Brighton. The work had not been altogether pleasant, for Mrs. Hannay was a selfish and querulous woman, very difficult to satisfy even in little matters, and with a chronic suspicion that everyone with whom she came in contact was trying to get the best of her. Her eldest girl was likely, Captain Hannay thought, to take after her mother, whose pet she was, while Isobel took after her father. He had suggested that both should be sent to school, but Mrs. Hannay would not hear of parting from Helena, but was willing enough that Isobel should be sent to a boarding school at her uncle's expense.

As the years went by, Helena grew up, as Mrs. Hannay proudly said, the image of what she herself had been at her age—tall and fair, indolent and selfish, fond of dress and gaiety, discontented because their means would not permit them to indulge in either to the fullest extent. There was little in common between her and her sister, who, when at home for the holidays, spent her time almost entirely with her brother, who received but slight attention from anyone else, his deformity being considered as a personal injury and affliction by his mother and elder sister.

"You could not care less for him," Isobel once said in a fit of passion, "if he were a dog. I don't think you notice him more, not one bit. He wanders about the house without anybody to give a thought to him. I call it cruel, downright cruel."

"You are a wicked girl, Isobel," her mother said angrily, "a wicked, violent girl and I don't know what will become of you. It is abominable of you to talk so, even if you are wicked enough to get into a passion. What can we do for him that we don't do? What is the use of talking to him when he never pays attention to what we say and is always moping? I am sure we get everything that we think will please him, and he goes out for a walk with us every day; what could possibly be done more for him?"

"A great deal more might be done for him," Isobel burst out. "You might love him, and that would be everything to him. I do believe you and Helena love him, not one bit, not one tiny scrap.

"Go up to your room, Isobel, and remain there for the rest of the day. You are a very bad girl. I shall write to Miss Virtue about you; there must be something very wrong in her management of you or you would never be so passionate and insolent as you are."

But Isobel had not stopped to hear the last part of the sentence, the door had slammed behind her. She was not many minutes alone upstairs, for Robert soon followed her up, for when she was at home he rarely left her side, watching her every look and gesture with eyes as loving as those of a dog and happy to sit on the ground beside her, with his head leaning against her for hours together.

Mrs. Hannay kept her word and wrote to Miss Virtue, and the evening after she returned to school Isobel was summoned to her room.

"I am sorry to say I have a very bad account from your mother. She says you are a passionate and wicked girl. Here is it, dear? You are not passionate here and I certainly do not think you are wicked."

"I can't help it when I am at home, Miss Virtue. I am sure I try to be good, but they won't let me. They don't like me because I can't be always idly and well behaved, because I have to be well behaved, and because I hate walking on the parade and being stuck up and unnatural, and they don't like me because I am not pretty and because I am thin and don't look as mamma says, a credit to her; but it is not that so much as because of Robert. You know he is deformed, Miss Virtue, and they don't care for him, and he has no one to love him and care for him, and he has no one to love him treated so. That is what it was when we left my brother. I told her to treat him like a dog, and so they do," and she burst into tears.

"But that was very naughty, Isobel," Miss Virtue said gravely. "You are only eleven years old, and too young to be a judge of these matters, and even if it were as you say it is scarcely for a child to speak of her mother."

"I know that, Miss Virtue, but how can I help it? I could cry out with pain when I see Robert looking from one to the other just for a kind word, and he never gets it. It is no use, Miss Virtue; if it was not for him I would much rather never go home at all but stop here through the holidays, only what could he do if I didn't go home? I am the only pleasure he has. When I am there he will sit for hours on my knee and lay his head on my shoulder and stroke my face. It makes me feel as if my heart would break."

"Well, my dear," Miss Virtue said, somewhat puzzled, "it is sad, if it is as you say, but that does not excuse your being disrespectful to your mother. It is not for you to judge her."

"But cannot something be done for Robert, Miss Virtue? Surely they must do something for children like him."

"There are people, my dear, who take a few afflicted children and give them special training. Children of that kind have sometimes shown a great deal of unusual talent, and, if so, it is cultivated, and they are put in a way of earning a livelihood."

"Are there? Are there?" Isobel exclaimed, with eager eyes. "Then I know what I will do, I will write to Uncle Tom—he is our guardian. I know if I were to speak to mamma about Robert going to school it would be of no use; but if uncle writes, I dare say it would be done, I am sure she and Helena would be glad enough. I never thought of anything before, but it would be a relief to them to get him out of their sight."

Miss Virtue shook her head. "You must not talk so, Isobel. It is not right or dutiful, and you are a great deal too young to judge your elders, even if they were not related to you; and pray, if you write to your uncle, do not write in that spirit, it would shock him greatly, and he would form a very bad opinion of you."

And so Isobel wrote. She was in the habit of writing once every half-year to her uncle, who had told her that he wished her to do so, and that people out abroad had great pleasure in letters from England. Hitherto she had only written about her school life, and this letter caused her a great deal of trouble.

It answered its purpose. Captain Hannay had no liking either for his sister-in-law or his eldest nephew, but he was sorry for them, and been struck with the neglect with which the little boy was treated. Isobel had taken great pains not to say anything that would show she considered that Robert was harshly treated, but had simply said that she heard there were schools where little boys like him could be taught, and that it would be such a great thing for him, as it was very dull for him having nothing to do all day; but Captain Hannay read through the lines, and felt that it was a protest against her brother's treatment, and that she would not have written to him had she not felt that so only would anything be done for him.

Accordingly he wrote home to his sister-in-law, saying he thought it was quite time now that the boy should be placed where some gentleman who took a few lads unfitted for the rough of an ordinary school. He should take the charge upon himself, and had written to his agent in London to find out such an establishment, to make arrangements for Robert to go there, and to send down one of his clerks to take charge of him on the journey.

He also wrote to Isobel, telling her what he had done, and blaming himself for not having thought of it before, winding up by saying: "I have not mentioned to your mother that I heard from you about it—that is a little secret just as well to keep to ourselves."

The next five years were much happier to Isobel, for the thought of her brother at home without her had before been constantly on her mind. It was a delight to her now to go home and to see the steady improvement that took place in Robert. He was brighter in every respect, and expressed himself as most happy where he was.

As years went on, he grew into a bright and intelligent boy, though his health was by no means good, and he looked frail and delicate. He was as passionately attached to her as ever, and during the holidays they were never separated; they stood quite alone, their mother and sister interesting themselves but little in their doings, and they were allowed to take long walks together, and to sit in a room by themselves, where they talked, drew, painted, and read.

Mrs. Hannay disapproved of Isobel as much as ever. "She is a most headstrong girl," she would lament to her friends, "and is really quite beyond my control. I do not at all approve of the school she is at, but unfortunately my brother-in-law, who is her guardian, has, under the will of my poor husband, absolute control in the matter. I am sure poor Jack never intended that he should be able to override my wishes; but though I have written to him several times about it he says that he sees no valid reason for any change, and that from Isobel's letters to him she seems very happy there, and to be getting on well. She is so very unlike dear Helena, and even when at home I see but little of her; she is completely wrapped up in her unfortunate brother. Of course I don't blame her for that, but it is not natural that a girl her age should care nothing for pleasures or going out or the things natural to young people. Yes, she is certainly improving in appearance, and if she would only take some little pains about her dress would be really very presentable."

But her mother's indifference disturbed Isobel but little. She was perfectly happy with her brother when at home, and very happy at school, where she was a general favorite. She was impulsive, high-spirited, and occasionally gave Miss Virtue some trouble, but her disposition was frank and generous, there was not a trace of selfishness in her disposition, and while she was greatly liked by girls of her own age, she was quite adored by little ones.

The future that she always pictured herself was a little cottage with a bright garden in the suburbs of London, where she and Robert could live together—she would go out as a daily governess; Robert, who was learning to play the organ, would, she hoped, get a post as organist. It was, of course, for the sake of the salary, for her earnings and the interest of the thousand pounds, that would be hers when she came of age, would be sufficient for them both, but as an amusement for him, and to give him a sense of independence.

But when she was just seventeen, and was looking forward to the time when she would begin to carry her plan into effect, a terrible blow came. She heard from her mother that Robert was dead.

"It is a sad blow for us all," Mrs. Hannay wrote, "but, as you know, he has never been strong; still, we had no idea that anything serious ailed him until we heard a fortnight ago since he was suffering from a violent cough and had lost strength rapidly. A week later we heard that the doctors were of opinion it was a case of sudden consumption and that the end was rapidly approaching. I went up to town to see him, and found him even worse than I expected, and was in no way surprised when this morning I received a letter saying that he had gone. Great as is the blow one cannot but feel that, terribly afflicted as he was, his death is, as far as he is concerned, a happy release. I trust you will now abandon your wild scheme of teaching and come home."

But home was less home than ever to Isobel now, and she remained another six months at school, when she received an important letter from her uncle.

"My dear Isobel,—When you first wrote to me you told me that what you were most looking forward to was to make a home for your brother, I own that it was a blow to me, for I had long had plans of my own about you; however, I thought nothing of it, for your brother was so natural, and would give you such happiness in carrying it into effect, that I at once fell in with it and put aside my own plan. But the case is altered now, and I can see no reason why I cannot have my own way. When I was in England I made up my mind that unless I married, which was a most improbable contingency, I would, when you were old enough, have you out to keep house for me. I foresaw, even then, that your brother might prove an obstacle to this plan. Even in the short time I was with you it was easy enough to see that the charge of him would fall on your shoulders, and that it would be a labor of love to you.

"If he lived, then, I felt you would not leave him, and that you would be right in not doing so, but even then it seemed likely to me that he would not grow up to manhood. From time to time I have been in correspondence with the clergyman he was with, and learnt that the doctor who attended him thought but poorly of him. I had him taken to two first-class physicians in London; they concurred with him to be constitutionally weak, and said that beyond strengthening medicines and that sort of thing, they could do nothing for him.

"Therefore, dear, it was no surprise to me when I received first your mother's letter with the news, and then your own written a few days later. When I answered that letter I thought it as well not to say anything of my plan, but by the time you receive this it will be six months since your great loss, and you will be able to look at it in a fairer light than you could have done then, and I do hope you will agree to come out to me. Life here has its advantages and disadvantages, and I think that, especially for young people, it is a pleasant one.

"I am getting very tired of a bachelor's establishment, and it will be a very great pleasure indeed to have you here. Ever since I was in England I made up my mind to adopt you as my own child. You were very like my brother John, and your letters and all I have heard of you show that you have grown up just as I would have wished you to do. Your sister Helena is your mother's child, and without wishing to hurt your feelings, your mother and I have nothing in common. I regard you as the only relation I have in the world, and whether you come out or whether you do not whatever I leave behind me will be yours. I do hope that you will at any rate come out for a time. However, if you don't like the life here you can fall back upon your own plan.

"If you decide to come, write to my agent. I enclose envelope addressed to him. Tell him when you can be ready. He will put you in the way of the people you had better go to for your outfit, will pay all bills, take your passage and so on.

"Whatever you do, do not stint yourself. The people you go to will know a great deal better than you can do what is necessary for a lady out here. All you will have to do will be to get measured and to give her an idea of your likes and fancies as to colors and so on. She will have instructions from my agent to furnish you with a complete outfit and will know exactly how many dozens of everything are required.

"I can see no reason why you should not start within a month after the receipt of this letter, and I shall look most anxiously for a letter from you saying that you will come, and that you will start by a sailing ship in a month at latest from the date of your writing."

Isobel did not hesitate, for her faith in her uncle was unbounded. Next to her meetings with her brother, his letters had been her greatest pleasures. He had always taken her part; it was he who, at her request, had Robert placed at school, and he had kept her at Miss Virtue's in spite of her mother's complaints. At home she had never felt comfortable; it had always seemed to her that she was in the way; her mother disapproved of her; while from Helena she had never had a sisterly word. To go out to India to see the wonders she had read of, and to be her uncle's companion seemed a perfectly delightful prospect. Her answer to her uncle was sent off the day after she received his letter, and that day month she stepped on board an Indiaman in the London Docks.

The intervening time had not been a pleasant one; Mrs. Hannay had heard from the major of his wishes and intentions regarding Isobel, and she was greatly displeased thereat.

"Why should he have chosen you instead of Helena?" she said angrily to Isobel, on the first day of her arrival home.

"I suppose because he thought I should suit him better, mamma. I really don't see why you should be upset about it; I don't suppose Helena would have liked to go, and I am sure you would not have liked to have had me with you instead of her. I should have thought you would have been pleased to be off your hands altogether. It doesn't seem to me that you have ever been really glad to have me about you."

"That has been entirely your own fault," Mrs. Hannay said. "You have always been headstrong and determined to go your own way; you have never been fit to be seen when anyone came; you have thwarted me in every way."

"I am very sorry, mamma. I think I might have been better if you had had a little more patience with me, but even now if you really wish me to stay at home I will do so. I can write to uncle and tell him that I have changed my mind."

"Certainly not," Mrs. Hannay said. "Naturally I should wish to have my children with me, but I doubt whether your being here would be for the happiness of any of us, and besides I do not wish your uncle's money to go out of the family; he might take it into his head to leave it to a hospital for black women. Still it would have been only right and proper that he should at any rate have given Helena the first choice. As for your instant acceptance of his offer, without even consulting me, nothing can surprise me at that way after your general conduct towards me."

However, although Mrs. Hannay declined to take an interest in Isobel's preparations, she continued to behave as an injured person, neither she nor Helena were sorry at heart for the arrangement that had been made. They had urged very strongly on Isobel's plans for going out as a governess; but upon the other hand her presence at home would in many ways have been inconvenient, and Isobel was a better appearance on a fixed income than three can, and her presence at home would have involved many small expenses, and was, too, a disturbing element; the others understood each other perfectly, and both felt that they in no way understood Isobel. Altogether, it was much better that she should go.

As to the heiship, Captain Hannay had spoken freely as to his monetary affairs when he had been in England after his brother's death.

"My pay is amply sufficient for all my wants," he said; "but everything is expensive out there, and I have had no occasion to save. I have a few hundred pounds laid by, so that if I break down, and am ordered to Europe any time on sick leave, I can live comfortably for that time; but, beyond that, there has been no reason why I should lay by. I am not likely ever to marry, and when I have served my full time, my pension will be ample for my wants in England; but I shall do my best to help if help is necessary. Fortunately the interest of the thousand a-piece the girls were left by my aunt will help your income. When it is necessary to do anything for Robert, poor lad, I will take that expense on myself."

"I thought all Indians came home with lots of money," Mrs. Hannay said complainingly.

"Not the military. We do the fighting and get fairly paid for it. The civilians get five times as highly paid, and run no risks whatever. Why it should be so no one has ever attempted to explain; but there it is, and, on the store of which he had spoken to her.

When, a week before the vessel sailed, Dr. Wade appeared with a letter he had received from the major, asking him to take charge of Isobel on the voyage, Mrs. Hannay conceived a violent objection to him. He had, in fact, been the only person she had used with freedom, and had arrived in an unusually aggressive and snappish humor. He cut short Mrs. Hannay's well turned sentences ruthlessly, and aggravated her by remarking on Helena's want of color, and recommending plenty of walking exercise taken at a brisk pace and more ease and comfort in the matter of dress.

"Your daughter's lungs have no room to play, madam," he said; "her heart is compressed. No one can expect to be healthy under such circumstances."

"I have my own medical attendant, Dr. Wade," Mrs. Hannay said decidedly.

"No doubt, madam, no doubt. All I can say is, if his recommendations are not the same as mine he must be a downright fool. Very well, Miss Hannay, I think we understand each other; I shall be on board by eleven o'clock and shall keep a sharp look out for you. Don't be late that last twelve; she will come down to the dock by one at latest, and if you miss that your only plan will be to take the train down to Tilbury, and hire a boat there."

"I shall be in time, sir," Isobel said.

"Well, I hope you will, but my experience of women is pretty extensive, and I have scarcely met one who could be relied upon to keep an appointment punctually. Don't laden yourself more than you can help with little bags, and parcels, and bundles of all kinds. I expect you will be three or four in a cabin, and you will find that there is no room for litter. Take the things you will require at first in one or two flat trunks which will stow under your berth; once a week or so if the weather is fine you will be able to get at your things in the hold. Do try if possible to pack all the things that you are likely to want to get at during the voyage, in one trunk, and have a star or any other mark like painted on that trunk with your name, then there will be no occasion for the sailors to haul twenty boxes upon deck. Be sure you send all your trunks on board, except those you want in your cabin, two days before she sails. Do you think you can remember all that?"

"I think so, Dr. Wade."

"Very well then, I'm off," and the doctor shook hands with Isobel, nodded to Mrs. Hannay and Helena, and hurried away.

"What a perfectly detestable little man," Mrs. Hannay exclaimed, as the door closed over him. "Your uncle must have been out of his senses to select such an odious person to look after you on the voyage. I really pity you, Isobel."

"I have no doubt he is very much nicer than he seems, mamma. Uncle said, you know, in his letter last week, that he had written to Dr. Wade to look after me, if, as he thought probable, he might be coming out in the same ship. He said that he was a little brusque in his manner, but that he was a general favorite, and one of the kindest-hearted of men."

"A little brusque," Mrs. Hannay repeated scornfully. "If he is only considered a little brusque in India all I can say is, society must be in a lamentable state out there."

"Uncle says he is a great shikari, and has probably killed more tigers than any man in India."

"I really don't see that that is any recommendation whatever, Isobel, although it might be if you were likely to encounter tigers on board ship. However, I am not surprised that your opinion differs from mine; we very seldom see matters in the same light. I only hope you may be right and I may be wrong, for otherwise the journey is not likely to be a very pleasant one for you; personally, I would almost as soon have a Bengal tiger loose about the ship as such a very rude, unmannerly person as Dr. Wade."

Mrs. Hannay and Helena accompanied Isobel to the docks, and went on board with her for a time.

The doctor received them at the gangway. He was in a better temper, for the fact that he was on the point of starting for India again had put him in high spirits. He received the party below and saw that they got lunch, showed Isobel which was her cabin, introduced any time on sick leave, I can live comfortably for that time; but, beyond that, there has been no reason why I should lay by. I am not likely ever to marry, and when I have served my full time, my pension will be ample for my wants in England; but I shall do my best to help if help is necessary. Fortunately the interest of the thousand a-piece the girls were left by my aunt will help your income. When it is necessary to do anything for Robert, poor lad, I will take that expense on myself."

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TEABERRY

Our Brook Trout.

(Written for Saturday Night by Rolly Rowan)

"It will be perfectly delightful!"

"I should think so, indeed, and won't the boys be amazed!"

"Yes; you tell them about it, will you please, Bessie! You know they think I exaggerate a little."

"All right! Remember, five o'clock in the morning.

"Yes, good-night."

"Good-night."

Bessie Kent and I (her sister Kate) had been spending the summer with our "country cousins, the Browneses of Bruce county. We had had a very jolly summer, and were going to end our visit by a final grand exploit, that of catching (or fishing for, rather) brook trout. We had often heard our brothers tell of the sport there was in fishing trout, and we were fired with enthusiasm. If we could only beat our brothers at their own game, what could be more desirable!

Cousin Fred had promised to take us to the trout, and dear old auntie had promised us a good luncheon, so we were perfectly happy. Our minds were filled with the subject, and as we slept that night our dreams were of "speckled beauties" of enormous size in wonderful quantities.

"Five o'clock, girls!"

"Oh, I'm so sleepy!"

"Trout!"

Up we jumped, and in a few minutes came downstairs ready for our venture.

The luncheon was prepared for us; the old, white horse was hitched to a great old-fashioned buggy in which we placed ourselves, our rods, etc., devoutly hoping that harness and the buggy and the horse were all made of better stuff than their get-ups promised.

We were off! The country has disadvantages—many of them—but early in the morning when the sun glistens upon the dewdrops, giving the flowers and trees and fields such jewels as never a queen wore; when the healthy scent of the pine fills the air, and you take long, deep breaths of it; when the birds, fresh from sleep, make the world ring with their gayest and brightest songs; oh, no work of man can then compare with the priceless treasures which nature has given to this country!

We drove happily along, drinking in the perfume of the flowers and congratulating ourselves upon our early rising, until we struck into one of those roads made for the convenience of lumbermen and woodsmen generally—a road comprised of such ups and downs, and curves and twists as no one can imagine who has not had a personal acquaintance with one of them. How we ever escaped with whole bones is a wonder to me! The old white horse (he had a good deal more spunk than he looked, the brute) went over the stumps, logs and corduroy at a rate truly terrific. Little did he care for the "ohs" and "whoas" which he could not have been too deaf to have heard, but to which he certainly paid no attention. Bangety bump we went, clinging to each other and screaming more loudly as each fresh and more fearful obstacle presented itself. But what were obstacles to the white horse and what were obstacles to Cousin Fred? Nothing, worse than nothing.

"Well, girls, you know you insisted upon coming. It isn't my fault if you are uncomfortable, and even if worse misfortunes befall you don't blame me. I came as a martyr; I don't expect any fun, nor many trout, but you would come, and—here we are!"

"Good gracious, Fred, there aren't any trout in that little bit of a stream!"

"Be still! Do you want to frighten them all away!" asked Fred angrily, as he unloaded us and proceeded to bait his own hook (horrid fellow). The true fishing spirit was upon him; he became as quiet as a sphinx—and about as pleasant to look upon.

"What shall we do!" asked Bessie humbly, "You'd better stay here and watch the grab," said Fred patronizingly.

"I won't do it!" yelled I at the top of my voice. "I came to fish and I'm going to fish!"

"Well, fish then," said Fred; "go and fish but don't bother me, and if you say another word I'll take you right home."

"But I—I—can't bait my own hook, please, Fred."

"Well, if you are going to fish you'll have to learn—what geese girls are! Here, you go down stream and I'll go up. Good-bye!" and he was gone.

The quiet became oppressive, so did the mosquitoes; the stream had a most uncomfortably marshy look upon each side, and there had grown a great mass of short, thick bushes, through which we felt we could never force our way, but we felt that something must be done and—oh, the glory!—if we could only catch more fish than that abominable young Fred. So we struggled until we actually had each a cold, wriggling worm attached, not scientifically I grant you, to our hook. Then we took hold of hands, shut our eyes, and stepped boldly into the marsh.

"Oh, it's cold!"

"Ouch, it's over my shoe tops—but never mind we will catch one now!" And choosing a nice sunny spot, free from logs, we threw our hooks into the stream. "What do you suppose is the matter?" I asked feebly, after about fifteen minutes' steady fishing in the same spot.

"I don't know," answered Bessie. "Aren't the mosquitoes awful! And my feet are just sopping wet—I wish we had stayed at home."

"Surely they'll bite before long." But they refused to even nibble at our bait. We were afraid to go any farther. There we stood with the water over our boot tops and insects feeding off us with the most healthy appetites imaginable.

"I won't believe there—a snake! A snake!! A snake!!!"

That was the finisher. With one mad rush we started for the buggy (the horse had been taken off and was placidly eating his oats at the foot of a tree where he was tied.)

"Fred! Fred! Fred!" yelled we, but no answer came, save three long drawn melancholy echoes. Oh, it was dreadful, dreadful. We dared not move, we simply sat there and suffered agonies, agonies which became despair as the hours dragged on and no Fred appeared.

Then, to add to our horror, the sky became clouded and several distinct claps of thunder were heard—we were both afraid of thunder. No tongue is eloquent enough to describe our terror, nor pen equal to the herculean task.

"Well, girls, haven't you got luncheon ready yet?" asked a brisk boyish voice. "Why, what's the matter. What have you been crying about?"

"Crying about!" we repeated, crying all the louder since relief had come. "We are frightened to death, and half eaten up, and a snake bit us. We shall never live through this day!"

"O, say, that's all nonsense. Look here, let's eat, and then you'll feel better."

We began to feel better already, and even to have an idea that we were hungry. Fred proudly held up a long string of trout. "Aren't they dandies, girls! You may take them home with you, and, I say, tell them you caught them yourselves, eh!"

We were silly enough to forgive him, and someway or other we began to feel that we were having a real goo! time, and that some, at least, of those fish were caught by our own unaided selves.

We actually began to laugh at our woes of a few minutes before, especially as the storm had passed quietly over. But we refused to let Mr. Fred go back for more fish. We had enough—quite enough, we were sure.

On the way home Fred gave us quite a dissertation on the haunts and habits of trout; how they frequented the most shady places in the streams, getting under the low-hanging mosses and fallen trees; how you must keep on the move when fishing them, dropping your line for a moment only in each haunt, etc., etc. Why, now I could go to a stream and catch every trout therein. I know I could!

Barn Storming.

Captain of the Brigands—Why don't the blamed fool fire? It's his cue.
Captured Nobleman—He's went an' loaded himself instead of his gun.

Admiral Farragut.

Edward Kirk Rawson, writing of Admiral Farragut in the April *Atlantic*, says: Farragut was a seaman of the old time when the navy stood apart, with a history, traditions, and life peculiar to itself. Once off soundings, it owned the great world, and yet had a little world of its own. In no respect would he have been called the "sea dog," even when that term was flatteringly applied. He was the sea officer and gentleman, well bred, keen-eyed, and gracious, and competent to take his ship wherever ship could go. An utter sincerity shone in his life. It is not an uncommon trait in seafaring men. It found expression in fearlessness of speech, and won that confidence on the part of those with whom he had to do which enabled him to execute through them. He had the sacred hunger for fame, but was not influenced by political ambition, refusing without hesitation when he was approached with reference to a candidacy for the presidency. "I am to have a flag in the gulf," he jovously writes to his wife, "and the rest depends upon myself." Outside of the service nothing tempted him.

There came to Farragut throughout his life, as to other men, various griefs and disappointments, but he bore them all with fortitude and dignity. At the outbreak of the war he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should have to raise my hand against the South!" Southern by birth and association, he went back to New Orleans, his boyhood's home, conqueror indeed, but with none of the conqueror's pride in his heart; and yet among many friends and acquaintances "no man dared to say he was happy to see him." Secretary Welles has written of the annoyances which he suffered during the last eighteen months of his life: "Changes were made in the service without his knowledge and against his judgment. The office of admiral, which Congress had created for him in acknowledgment of his distinguished and unequaled services, was, he saw, destined by favoritism to pass to another. In derogation of his real rank and position as chief of the navy he was made port admiral, an usher to wait upon and receive naval officers at New York—an employment which self-respect and regard for the navy compelled him to decline. Among other indignities was that of ordering the uniform and flag of admiral to be changed. Farragut would neither change his coat nor permit the tawdry substitute for the admiral's flag to wave over him. On his special personal application, which he felt humiliated to make, the Secretary of the Navy permitted him to be spared these indignities during his lifetime, but it was with the knowledge that the flag which he had earned, the emblem he had chosen and prescribed as the symbol of highest naval rank was to be buried with him.

"Sincerely religious in his nature, his faith was a marked characteristic in his life. He tells of himself that, at the critical moment in the battle of Mobile Bay, when defeat or victory hung in the balance, he offered up this prayer: "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on!" And it seemed as if, in answer, a voice commanded him to "go on." The people at large saw him only as the hero lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, amid the smoke-clouds, flashing guns, and roar of battle. It was no act of bravado on his part, but the consciousness that so he might best fight the battle, seeing everything with his own eyes. Farragut was of a race which has already passed away."

Risked His Royal Head.

During the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that!" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made!" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—"

"Yes, yes," said the prince, who had not learned that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction intil't; "but what is intil't!"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—"

"Yes, I see, but what is intil't!"

The man looked at him, and, seeing that the prince was serious, he replied:

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and—"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is intil't—intil't!"

"Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't and—"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his royal highness from being rapped over the head with the big spoon.

What One Has to Expect.

He—Did you have a good time on your camping party last summer!

She—I should say so. We had seven girls and seven men, and when we came home there were forty-nine engagements in the party.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Touching.

"Oh, Heavens!" he exclaimed. "This is more than I can bear. Down, throbbing heart, down! I return home after a three years' imprisonment for brutal wife beating and how am I received? I am ordered to leave my home by the very woman on whose account I suffered incarceration. Oh, this is too much; my poor heart will break!"

Excursion to Washington, D.C, on April 25, with the Privilege of Visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Railways.

Just one more chance to visit the sunny South for almost nothing, and will only cost ten dollars, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington, and if you wish to return via New York it will cost four dollars extra. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge, and good for ten days. Through sleepers to Washington, and parties taking advantage of this cheap trip should secure their berths early. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

"Farewell, Em'ly, farewell! Your father has took me by the ear and kicked me to that extent that my manly heart is a beatin' with shame and sorrer. Nothin' is left for me now but to hunt Injuns for the remainder of my 'retched life. Me an' my pal leaves for the wild west this minnit; this letter contains my will what'll make you my hairess, also a nickel to buy a memento of one who will be heard of in border annals as Curdle Lung, the Dust Tosser. Farewell, good-by, adoo! [Exits hastily with pal.]

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 35 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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CURES NERVOUS HEADACHE As quickly as PHENOLINE

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Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which La Grip has left him. However, there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED. It is a wonderful, stimulating, nutritive Tonic and Food, and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG STORE.

Asking Too Much.

American Girl—And if I marry you, will I live in an old English castle, with turrets and battlements, famed in song and story?

English Lord—Yes, you shall.

American Girl—And will you introduce me to the Prince of Wales' set?

English Lord—Um—er—not until I begin to get tired of you.

No Player.

First gamboller—Paderewski came over on the ship with me.

Second gamboller—So! They say he plays superbly.

First gamboller—All rot. I don't believe he knows one card from another.

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30 YEARS IN USE

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NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

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Pino's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Useless Bitterness.

Rev. Hugh Johnston's recent attack upon the theaters and the people who frequent them is perhaps as striking an instance of that holy frenzy into which preachers can work themselves as any ever afforded by a Toronto pulpiteer. In a frenzy a man forgets logic, reason, truth, good manners and all the ordinary decencies, and a preacher is never so emphatically a man as when he gets into a frenzy. He is all man, at his weak and passionate worst, for out through his rolling eyes, off from his tossing hair and stretching arms and horn-piping feet rush all the elevating influences of that Christianity that usually makes a man just, charitable and loving.

How could any respectable theater-goer after sitting through Dr. Johnston's sermon and hearing his extravagant charges against actors and audiences, maintain any faith in his judgment on any matter. In his congregation are men who habitually attend the theater with a motive just as good as that which actuates their whole life-conduct, and they were never injured by it, and never saw anyone injured by it, save those whose inherent depravity is such that they go out in search of injury and infamy and who will find a bog to wallow in if they have to dig one in the sacred confines of the church itself. How can good men who are as familiar with the inside of the theater as with the inside of the church, and who conscientiously go to the former for intellectual pleasure and to the latter for spiritual pleasure—how can such men repose unshaken confidence in the ministrations of a man who tells them the theater is the very ante-chamber of hell and that the devil himself is playwright, stage manager and star actor all in one? They will not believe it, knowing better.

Such intemperate attacks, coming from a man who would make it his proudest boast that he does not and never did attend the theater, and contrary to the whole experience of his auditors who do attend, can but lessen the influence of the speaker. He gets his facts from the sear and yellow parchments of last century or from contemporaries who are equally zealous and equally without information as to the condition and effect of the stage to-day. The wholesale charge that young men who attend with their best girls rob their master's till to do so is an ancient pulpit slander spoken in the days of John Wesley, but never justified then or since. Occasionally a young man turns thief, but if he spends his money at a bazaar or a Sunday school picnic, that would not constitute a just ground for condemning the church, and if he occasionally buns with it that would be no reason why all honest people should cease eating. The charge that actors and actresses are loose and low people, disporting their vices for the morbid amusement of loose spectators, is a slander upon hundreds of clever and upright traveling people and also upon the best citizens of Toronto who attend good plays, entering with clean hearts and retiring none the worse, and oftentimes benefited.

Dr. Johnston and the Church as a whole are confronted by a condition, not a theory. The theater is established as a power for good or evil in our midst. It cannot be slandered away. If it cannot be removed, let it be improved. If, when a questionable play comes, the building is crowded with questionable people; and if, when a good play comes, that has no attraction for such people, the building is empty, then the average of plays is bound to deteriorate, and moral injury will result to the community. If the Church cannot help, let it not hinder the good work of society in elevating the drama to a higher level than the barroom would ordain. MACK.

The Drama.

MANAGER Sheppard's benefit on Monday night was such a pronounced success that he cannot fail to know that his efforts to place superior attractions before the people during the current season have been appreciated. The seats were crowded, and taken altogether it is a long time since a better average audience met inside the theater, and I cannot help thinking that a great many turned out with the ruling idea that their presence might in some measure emphasize the public satisfaction felt in Mr. Sheppard's present efforts to present good plays only. I heard more than one say that if they failed to attend Monday night they would feel that they were voting for a return to the old line of attractions presented two or three years ago. There is considerable in the fact pointed out by Mr. Sheppard in his speech before the curtain, that Toronto has a very critical public, very hard to please. In New York there is such a large population that lovers of tragedy can all crowd to tragedies, lovers of comedy can all rush to places where comedies are always presented, the same with melodramas and the same with operas, but in Toronto there is not a sufficient theater-going populace to divide up in this way, so the manager must try to suit the preferences of all by following up Othello with Shaun Rhue and succeeding this with Wang. In this way if a manager is lucky he can please each quarter of the people one quarter of the time in turn. It is his only chance. Mr. Sheppard made a promise, entered into a sort of verbal contract with the Toronto public there assembled, to drop out of his list all inferior plays and to next year give a better programme than ever. The day for loud horse play has about passed away, in his opinion, and a milder and more genuine humor has succeeded, as, for instance, the Club Friend as played by Roland Reed.

It was a proper occasion for referring to the change that is coming over the boards, for the acting of Mr. Reed is about as free from horse play as anything could well be. As the Club Friend he is a middle-aged and eccentric gentleman, wealthy and generous to a degree that I have never experienced or met outside of fiction. Barring his generosity, he neither by word or act departed from the average conduct of such a man in drawing-room or office. He played the part in his own individual person, unadorned with wig, whiskers or enormity of apparel, and you might meet a hundred men such as he on Yonge street every day, without any more surprise than a feeling of wonder as to where all the marvelous noses were coming from. But that nose belongs to, or is in fact, Roland Reed himself, and no thanks to the property man, so that, all in all, he plays his part as though it were real life. I cannot get over his generosity though, in carefully rearing a beautiful orphan girl at great expense, and then giving her and some fifteen thousand dollars to that smiling imbecile, Maximilian Frawley. The latter was amusing, but if it is flattering to say that a hero played his part with spirit it should be flattering to say that Albert Roberes, in impersonating this "perfect swas," clothed him in a sublime idiocy, and to waste a pretty girl and a moderate fortune upon such a consummate ninny was an extravagance that damaged my respect for Stuyvesant Filbert. The gift of a new cane or a pair of gloves would surely have imparted delight enough to such an airy nothing of a man without sacrificing a dear girl, but no doubt such bargains are made every day when splendid women stand up in the presence of God and man and are solemnly married to a suit of tailor-made clothes and an eyeglass. Let it go—there's a surplus of women, anyway! Percival Jarvis, M.D., is a contemptible character, and George F. Nash played the part very well. There seemed to be no effort in his work. His voice was slimy and his appearance snaky, but the art of the thing was that he did not seem self-conscious. I believe that his slimy voice is his own by nature, and he did not go around as though he was afraid the audience would not know he was a villain. That is the trouble with stage villains. They are afraid the gallery will mistake them for heroes if they do not act like lunatics, by crouching in corners, grinding their teeth and clutching their fists. Take the place where Dr. Jarvis writes the second anonymous letter to Mr. Oaks. He does it quietly and in a business-like way, and never foams at the mouth the least bit, and when he gets it done he does not go to the door and write the contents in a voice like that of the old man who announces the train departures at the Union station. He has some sense about him, and knows if he yells somebody will hear him. The company, taken altogether, is good. Miss Isadore Rush as Mrs. Oaks was rather conventional in the early part of the evening, but did better work at the close. Miss Edna Wallace was a sweet and attractive daughter, and in securing her hand Mr. Filbert was rewarded for his long bachelorhood. The others handled their parts for all that was in them. Mr. Reed's other play, Lend Me Your Wife, is on the boards to-night, running Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening.

The Russian Honeymoon is on at the Academy of Music, Friday night and Saturday afternoon and evening. Crowded houses are sure because the Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club has many friends who have faith in the talents of the performers and because the proceeds will go to the Orphans' Home.

The Academy is giving us lots of opera just now, and an account of the last two attractions will be found in our musical column. Next week's attractions will be Primrose & West's minstrels for Tuesday and Wednesday with matinee, and for the balance of the week Flint, the mesmerist. Hermann, the conjurer, will be at the Grand, and between the two, lovers of the mysterious should not go pining. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

From sixty to seventy thousand Americans have signified their intention of visiting Vienna during the musical and dramatic exhibition to be held there. The traveling bureaus are bespeaking every available room in Vienna for the expected invasion.

Sardou, the French dramatist, does most of his work between five and eight o'clock in the morning.

Felix Morris speaks French fluently, and has even acted in French in Paris theaters. He is something of a musician and a lover of athletic and aquatic sports.

Bronson Howard's war drama, Shenandoah, has been played continuously five years, and the long tour is to end with one celebratory performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. This piece is believed to have made more money than any other within a quarter of a century.

Inside a Pipe Organ.

Often I have sat in that beautiful church where the Methodists meet in Parkdale, and soothed eye and ear. The church as a building is second to none in the city of Toronto, and the organ is unique. Last Sunday curiosity, the bane of woman's life, whispered, "What is behind all that display of pipes, keys and stops?" That was enough. Finding the sexton, he conducted me right into the magnificent organ. Leaving me alone he closed the door. I was in music's heart. It was slightly dark, and I must admit feeling a sensation of fear. Had Mozart or Chopin appeared to me and in wrathful indignation driven me hence, I would not have been surprised; to tell the truth I expected to see the spirits of some of the great composers hovering there, mayhap St. Cecilia herself. They must have known my passion for music, for they let me remain.

I was brought from my spirit seeking by a thundering peal from one of those deep bass pipes just at my ear. An ejaculatory "Oh!" was all the vent I gave to my accumulating fears. Then the sexton's warning, "Keep quiet and don't touch aught," quieted me, and the complicated mechanism interested me.

Sounds fought for supremacy discordantly, the big bass being victorious. The moving of the stops, the pressing of the keys even made a noise. In there it was all noise and no music. A composite, crashing, chaotic turmoil. I left the organ and went to the gallery. Nothing but melody there. The organist's fingers ran cunningly over the keys, sending the thoughts of those grand old composers up through the pipes and out to the congregation.

How like the organ is all humanity! What inward groanings! What a throbbing, noisy combat rages within, while to the world but few, if any, of the discordant sounds are audible. NANCY NUGENT.

Varsity Chat.

The closing exercises of Knox College this year were conducted without Principal Caven being present, as he is on a trip to the Holy Land. A new feature in the work of the past session was the presence of two ladies at some of the classes and the announcement of this fact at the closing was greeted with much clapping of hands and exclamations of joy and gladness. This ebullition of good feeling appeared to reach its height when it was announced that one of the young ladies, Miss A. Parkinson, stood first in one of the subjects. The following received graduating diplomas: W. H. Grant, B.A., R. Lindsay, B.A., H. S. McKittrick, W. H. Johnston, B.A., John Davidson, B.A., Wm Gauld, B.A., D. Spear, B.A., D. McLachlan, B.A., C. Moore, B.A., J. C. Stinson, J. B. Bell, A. McNabb, A. E. Neilly, H. McLennan, A. Jamieson, J. K. Arnott, B.A., W. A. Wyllie, B.A., John McNair, B.A.

My remarks on the senate elections last week have aroused much interest in this feature of University life. "To arms and save the arts department from the encroachments of other departments" is the battle cry of many of those who are in favor of conserving the benefits of higher education.

The senate has again juggled with the curriculum and has raised the fees.

Year after year we are able to announce that the number of students at the colleges is on the increase, and that education is being conducted successfully in our higher institutions of learning. I do not intend to assent to or dispute these statements, but I do think that our theological colleges do not train their disciples properly, but let them not think that it is in the matter of doctrine they fail. It seems to be the destiny or fate of theological students to leave college with shattered constitutions. Presbyterians might say that this was foreordained, but those who suffer may offer objection to such a theory. These men seem to enter college with the deliberate aim of crucifying the body on the annuity plan. Each year as the term begins, down they sit and endeavor without enjoyment or recreation to "work hard." They become cramped in body and mind and find themselves gradually passing out of touch with the world, its joys, and its sorrows. In many instances they graduate bearing away with them a load of ailments that will for ever after hamper them in all their acts. The man of the present graduating classes have, however, taken more interest in their bodies and are a jovial lot of fellows.

Mr. W. H. Fraser, B. A., lecturer in Spanish and Italian, has left for a trip through Europe. He will spend considerable time among the olive-skinned sons of sunny Italy.

Mr. W. B. McKechnie, who is now a second year "med.," will teach in Manitoba during the summer months.

Following our example we expect that there will be co-education at the Law School, as the Provincial Legislature have given the Law Society power to admit women to attendance on lectures. JUNIOR.

A Reincarnation.

Two heads bobbing over long gray socks by the fireside.

"Yes—John was plum peculiar. 'I'll come back an' sojourn with you,' says he th' day afore he died. 'An' like enough I'll be a yaller dog,' says he. 'Twill be jes' my luck!'"

Neighbor Martin rolls up her sock and dons her sunbonnet.

"I 'low your John entertained heathen views," she says, and then hurries down the path, and cross-lots toward home.

Standing at the door, the old lady watches her visitor's going, and turning gazes reflectively toward the asparagus bed. The feathery branches wave mysteriously.

"Suthin's in there!" The muzzle of a yellow dog appears and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

"Well, I never! Where'd you come from! Shoo! Go 'way!" But the dog is at her feet, and something in the dark, appealing eyes holds her spell-bound. A chill seizes her. She breathes fast; then, rallying, grasps a broom.

"Git outen th' yard!" The dog crouches and licks her shoe.

"He said how's he might come back a pore yaller dog!" The broom drops weakly. "John Bascom, of so be your spirit is come back to me a-grovelin' in this beast as ye said, gimme a sign!" Two shaggy paws leap upon her shoulders and there is a warm dog's tongue on her cheek.

"Git down!" she cries, shuddering. "Go 'way an' let me git used to th' notion!" And she gropes her way into the house and flings herself beside John's vacant chair. The rickety wall clock ticks another half-hour away. Long gray shadows steal across the room. The silent old woman kneels in the twilight. The door opens and across the floor creeps the yellow dog, whining piteously and nestling at her feet.

"Well, John," she says, "of so be as it is you, why stay, an' I'll try to git used to you! You was allus a terrible hand fer havin' your own way!"

Her fingers caress the dog's head.

A queer twinkle lights her face. "Now it's my turn to her th' lead," she says quaintly. "Git under th' stove an' stay there, John Bascom!"—*Short Stories.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

B. N. A. A.—Where is your coupon? I don't find it enclosed.

BRULAH AND ARDAGH.—These studies are very undeveloped and immature.

TWO FRIENDS.—You are hopeful, independent, discreet and persevering, good energy, some wit and some taste and talent shown.

LUELLA.—A bright, buoyant and rather constant and faithful nature. Impulse, good temper, perseverance and a strong if somewhat wilful person is shown in this writing. Imagination is large and enterprise good; prudence is p'ain.

E T. G.—This is rather a commonplace an' artificial study, still, however, a bright and buoyant streak therein. The writer is careful, rather undecided, lacks nerve and compassion, has some energy and I think will improve when she is more mature.

G. Y. P.—You are deliberate in thought and rather close, mirthful, careful, good-tempered and tenacious. Your taste is good, and your affections moderate but sincere. You are rather an idealist but your judgment is excellent and your general tone hopeful.

KATIE LEE.—You are not by any means a completely developed study, and I don't think your writing will give a satisfactory delineation. You are probably yet in the formative and juvenile age, and I really cannot read your writing until it gets more character.

E. W. M.—1. You only ask for your faults; that are not many, a slight disposition to exaggeration, undue self-assertion, and some vacillation being about the most fatal. 2. It is not necessary to give me a title receiving an introduction to any other young person.

ARENIUS.—Literary taste is shown, but it is not very original, love of beauty, ambition, extreme opinions, slight liability to be swayed by others, tenacity of purpose, variable temper. You are hopeful, sociable and not at all lazy, though rather deliberate, and not up to making every effort tell.

MELLY.—Your temper is sometimes unruly, and you don't like to be overlooked. You are fond of life's good things, rather apt to be partial, fond of change, and rather devoid of tact; at the same time, you are energetic, honest and have some ability. I think you are practical rather than idealistic.

PRIMAVERA.—Some hope, candor, perseverance and care are shown. Your tastes are sometimes rather changeable, and your whim is not altogether controllable. You are generally discreet, and though fond of society not apt to shine therein; there is but little taste for beauty or art shown, but some ambition is visible.

CLARICE.—1. Your question is out of date by this time. 2 Fawn, blue, gray and mottled effects; corded goods will also be worn. 3. None. Saunder's face powder is well liked; Mrs. Graham's Eugenie powder is also popular. 4. About a shilling. 5. If in fashion I do. 6. Not if they are under eighteen years of age.

FAT MOLLOY.—This is a rather impetuous, generous and candid handwriting, with enough imagination to relieve it from commonplace and perseverance and energy shown. The writer is open-hearted, but true and affectionate, lacks tact and is slightly testy, but with the appearance of carelessness is undoubtedly wide awake.

IRIS.—1. I am afraid my answer is too late to be of any use to you, but as the construction is concerned, 2. Your writing is not quite developed, but is most promising. It shows good temper and some wit and ability; you are discreet, perseverting, rather hopeful, and when you are older will no doubt succeed and command consideration.

ROSE.—I am sorry the pen was bad, for it makes your nice study a little difficult. You are sympathetic, rather ambitious, decidedly bright and buoyant, persistent in effort, fond of change, hopeful, but not generous, fond of rather impulsive, social and determined. You are clever, a little inconstant, but altogether a very pleasant fellow.

WINIFRED.—Your question came last week. 2. Look along the stories; if not suitable they will be returned, if you send stamps. 3. Your writing shows some hope and ambition, rather a fine sympathy. You are not patient, tenacity self-assertive, nor yet weak, you are careful and rather a conservative person. Are you very old? I think not.

CONSTANCE.—You are very bright, imaginative and energetic, can make yourself comfortable under almost any circumstances, are fond of society, talkative and undoubtedly popular. You are generous, but not grasping, you are constant, a little apt to look down, and probably subject to fits of despondency, decision is good, but you are rather hasty sometimes.

RASPBERRY.—For the age you claim to be, your writing is excellent. You are self-reliant, careful, rather fond of yourself, with the faults inseparable and more intense self-assertion which are a juvenile's weak points; you have much but trembling tact and vacillating determination. Wait a while and your writing will be better worth studying than at present.

SECOND.—You need not blame the pen; the writing is very good. You are original, self-willed, full of humor, a little selfish, rather fond of society, with good nervous energy, some adaptability, a very hopeful and rather aspiring mind, sense of beauty, not infallible judgment, very decided likes and dislikes. A young man who would not be easily hoodwinked.

MADONNA MARY.—Refinement, delicacy of perception, tact, hope, some ability, but not sterling originality, very strong persistence, good sequence of ideas, an easy writer, rather a bright wit and some ambition are shown in this very pretty writing. Great susceptibility and sympathy and rather an eggshell china composition generally should describe this attractive dame.

JUDITH SHAKESPEARE.—This is a rather unrefined study with great affectation and love of display, but poor ability. The writer is rather fond of creature comforts, and apt to make a fool of herself by vanity or hasty impulse, has strength but no self-control, scanty ambition but no patience are shown. In fact, I believe the study must be a disguised hand and therefore unsatisfactory.

G. C. F.—You have a strong will, good energy, rather a liking for sensation and display, some ideality, are a little impetuous, cheerful and have an ambitious turn. You stick to a cherished plan and keep your own counsel, are decidedly amiable, rather fond of fun, strong in your likes and dislikes, and rather careful and anxious to do well. A little more patience and self-control would improve you.

JESSIE M.—Your writing shows some selfishness, carelessness and lack of self-control. I can quite understand the difficulty of writing under the circumstances you detail, but don't you think you might have chosen more favorable ones? You are companionable, impulsive, fond of comfort, a little impatient, fickle and erratic, you are rather a quick and clever person and think deeper than most people believe.

KATIE FRANCES.—1. Quite right, madam, you and the five others want the Mr. F. F. If I remember aright. 2 I answered your question about the correspondence coupon last week; look for answer to Maybelle. 3. Your writing shows refinement, perseverance, some ideality, a little tendency to pessimism, rather a sociable spirit, love of amusement, some sense of humor, lack of precision and deliberation, some tact, a pleasant but not very strong study.

INEZ.—I think you are the person who signed yourself Bluebeard some time ago. Perhaps your two signatures are unintentionally descriptive. However, as I am not perfectly certain, I will give you some of your taste. You are erratic and impulsive in action, unreliable and inconstant in affection, pigheaded and wilful in opinions, trying of temper and utterly unpractical and unwise, lack of ambition and assurance are large, but your refinement and delicacy are in a good degree counterbalanced by your untrained, as is shown in your very unattractive chirography.

INGOLDSBY.—1. They generally grow for two years after. 2. Take all the photos you like, but don't give your own except to relatives. 3. Ladies would scarcely help you in studying French, but not at all in German so far as my experience goes, except that it would accustom you to the use of declensions. 4. I hope I am not too late for that Southern letter. I shall be glad to get it. Please address it to the Correspondence Column. 5. Your writing shows will and ambition, much hope, generosity and sympathy, some humor, rather a contented mind. You are probably attached to traditions and old ways. You are also rather careless, incons, and a wee bit self-willed; not quite prudent enough in speech nor constant enough in effort.

LAURENT.—1. You are quick-tempered, original and determined, very impulsive, rather fond of change, and the sooner (in this case I), not unpopularized in judgment, somewhat self-conceited, a bit of a grumbler or pessimist, but altogether an interesting and unusual individual. Your writing rather resembles a sample I have of Horace Greeley's, but with more patience you have not time for. You are fitted for any post requiring extreme close-mindedness and a Chinaman's patience in any one, and the sooner the place the pleasanter you will find it. 2. Swinburne was born at London, 1837. 3. Count Tolstoi's native place is Yasnaia, Pollana, where he now lives. 4. Abbotsford is now the property of Mr. Scott Hope. 5. Colonel Fitzhugh Lee is a nephew of General Lee.

The Rustic Pegasus.

For Saturday Night.

I writ' a few lines to ther paper—
Ther "Weekly" I'd taken for years,
Just *a few* simple words from my heart
That spoke both o' gladness an' tears.

I writ' of the old, dear old farm house,
Way up north in lovel Waterloo,
Of ther wish I felt in my bosom
Those days once again ter renew.

I told of my walks thro' ther green woods,
Of ther little creek's ripples o' joy,
An' how fierce and rushin' it sounded
When I played on its banks as a boy.

I recalled ther low of the cattle,
An' ther mulley cow's musical bell
An my good dog an' I every evenin'
Drov them home thro' ther creek an' ther dell.

I told of the troubles an' trials
Thet father an' mother had fought,
An' of the lovin' remembrance
Thet 'round the old home had been wrought.

I opened my heart to a stranger
Who'd feelin's, 'a I thought, of a man,
An' I waited to see next week's paper,
As only an anxious heart can.

Ah! there in ther column far farmers,
Er few short lines had been put,
Sayin' 's how the poem I'd sent 'em
Were limpin' an' lame of a foot.

Thet ther spirit were right an' *au fait*
(What them furrin words meant I dun know),
But thet poetry jes' wouldn't not
As easy as handlin' a hoe.

An' thet if I knowed what 're best
For me, the old farm, an' my folks,
I'd stick close to ther old sorrel mare,
For Pegasus warn't used to ther yokes.

Them lines without care he had written
'S if declinin' to pay for his board,
But ther stab they gave to my bosom
Were keener than double-edged sword.

Them city chaps never hes feelin's
Like us on ther farm, so alone,
Whose thoughts and whose hearts is a-workin'
To burst like a rose as is blown.

I've given up writin' to papers,
'N tellin' my thoughts to ther world—
I've a little small "daisy" 'n there
The best of 'em all are enfurled.

WM. H. SNYLER.

His Salvation.

For Saturday Night.

"He was good to his mother," an aged crone said,
Whispering low o'er the man just dead;
"He loved the old woman," another sighed,
"And bad for him was the day she died."
And their poor old hearts grew sore again
At the touch of an old time, weary pain,
For both had felt in the long ago
An erring son's rough-handed blow.
Sad lives such lives!—grim toil, poor health
In the midst of a mighty city's wealth;
Unloved, unloving—disgraced with one
With the tie of blood to a convict son,
Yet mother still by that dead man's bier,
Mothers enough to shed a tear
O'er a man so roughly uncouth as they
Who was good to his mother day by day.

. . . . . .

He had died alone and afar from kin,
He was steeped to his lips in vice and sin,
But his heart was true as free with his wages store
And his heart was right in some secret core.
They had watched him slowly with fever burn
And stayed from their daily toil in turn,
Giving what little they had to gain
A moment's ease for the sick man's pain.
One laid her hand on the cold, white brow—
"God save us all, he is past help now,
But he loved his mother—he was a man,
Tho' 'tis little enough, we'll do what we can;
He's gone where his chance of rest is better,
He was good to his mother—may God love him!"

. . . . . .

"You were good to your mother," Saint Peter said
As he sadly glanced at a low bent head;
"Tho' stained with the vilest sins, you knock
For me to open the saving lock—
The scales must test you—'tis hard to do,
But you loved your old mother—my son, pass through."

. . . . . .

The scales stood piled on the sinner's side
With a damning heap of his sins supplied,
And the poor soul quivered with frightful fear
As the fatal list made his mistakes clear;
But the angel smiled and swiftly scrolled
Six little words on a sheet of gold,
Then placed the writing within the pan
That weighs unerring the good in man.
Lo! the evil burden rose high in the air,
Outweighed by the golden hidden there,
And a grand voice rang in the sinner's ear:
"He was good to his mother—he's welcome here."

ED. W. SANDYS.

A Maiden's Three Wonders.

For Saturday Night.

A maiden of twenty and fair to behold,
Reclined in her easy chair
To think of the lovers who'd called that day,
And smooth out her silken hair;
They'd vowed and protested her face was divine,
Her form put a fairy's to shame;
She thought as each wooed her she loved him the best,
And she did—till another one came.
She counted them over, Ralph, Leo and Fred,
Tom, Willie and Ellerton Blake,
Then bowing her head, she despairingly said:
"I wonder which one I shall take!"

A maiden of thirty still blooming—pearl bloom—
Reclined in her easy chair
To think of the lovers who'd called that year,
And brush out her vanishing hair;
They'd vowed and protested they seldom had time
To call, and much shorter to stay;
But whenever she left they were sure to propose,
They were certain to gallop away.
She counted them over—the list wasn't long—
All ten marrying sons of her set,
Then bowing her head, she despairingly said:
"I wonder which one I can get!"

A maiden of forty, pale, peaked and prim,
Reclined in her easy chair
To think of the lovers who never called now,
And comb out her store-bought hair;
Her lovers had left her this many a day—
Ralph, Leo and Willie and Fred—
So she turned with a sigh from the lovers gone by
To acquaintances still unwed;
She counted them over, Tom, Harry and Dick,
All the men under seventy three,
Then bowing her head, she despairingly said:
"I wonder which one will have me!"

G. W. JOHNSON.

Keeping a Secret.

Mr. Straitup—Ethel, I would like to have your sister. Won't you give her to me?

Ethel—No, sir. I caught her kissing Dick Short the other night, and she told me not to give her away, so I won't either.

Between You and Me.

SOMETIMES the fates are propitious, and one has luck, as careless folks say, which means that I got away out West for that wedding last week and it *was* the right man, and everything went happily. I wonder if everybody gets the good out of a ride on the rail that I do? It is always such fun! I like to take an inventory of the possibilities as soon as I get aboard. A cross or a genial conductor, a rough or courteous brakeman, how many babies, clean or mussy, how many sour-looking women, how many jolly-looking men. I never rode in a smoking car before, but had to, for a little, this time, or stand up in the passage with a gripsack about my feet, and odors of Araby the blest (otherwise burnt grease and coffee) wafting from the kitchen. So the good-natured brakeman, with ready resource, marshaled me into the smoking car all in my bridal party finery, and whether it was the spring bonnet or the natural courtesy which grows in smokers' breasts, I know not, but the neighbors stopped smoking, all except two Chinamen, who calmly puffed away. My seat mate was big and burly with very manly proportions about the feet and a keen, blue eye—no, two of them. He turned out to be a delightful find, all the way from San Francisco, who discoursed of orange, and olive, and peach and other orchards in a way to make one believe summer was just round the corner. He had a ranch, and when he wasn't ranching he was a detective agency! His opinion of Chinamen was not favorable. "Good servants," he said carelessly. "Good to themselves! They are the most inveterate thieves on earth." I thought I would be too if my clothes were built that way. I was quite sorry, when the brakeman came after me, to say good-bye to the rancher-detective. As he had never read SATURDAY NIGHT I had him buy one at once, and was much gratified when he came into the second car and told me it wasn't at all a bad paper. That was the least he could do, for I had said some beautiful things about the San Francisco *Argonaut*.

*

In overlooking a batch of English papers today I came across a very handsome picture of a lady, and on looking from her broad brow and fine brown eyes, down to the feature that always whispers character to me, I said to myself, "What a hateful woman." That cruel, thin, hard mouth, handsome, but merciless, belongs rightly to our Irish friend Mrs. Montague, who I hope is very uncomfortable in her prison cell just now! I don't know when I have felt so furious with a human being as I feel with her, and if I were her jailer, *tant pis pour madame!* Only that such a woman's children are better at rest, I could feel like having a little cry over the baby in the dark room sobbing out its little life. Think of it, mothers! For "loitering in dressing," for such a tiny baby naughtiness, so dire a fate. For a waste of five minutes in childish pranks such as babies have a perfect right to play, the dark cell and a lonely terror-smitten death! If ever a woman deserved a thrashing it is surely this pitiless wretch, and I don't believe it would kill me to see her getting it!

*

Another woman in jail has made a good many of us think lately, and with sympathizing womanly hearts pray for her to her extremity. Her sin was against the state more than the individual, against that great law which whispers "thou shalt not" when one is tempted to lie to save oneself from trouble. A lie is a lie, and I dare say there are few who could stand in the pure light of truth unconvicted of at least one unmistakable lie. Without condoning a lie, which may be only an unpremeditated backsliding, or, as in this case, a desperate expedient, or still worse, the devised cunning of a false and plotting nature, a lie is as the harmless fire cracker to the dynamite bomb in comparison with the villainy of Mrs. Montague, and ten months jail for the lie and one year prison for the murder is the very queerest comparative justice that ever has come my way.

*

Another visiting list has found its way to the table before me. This one is more bulky, more lengthy and perhaps more comprehensive than the pretty one I noticed some weeks ago. It comes from Williamson & Co., is daintily bound in pale blue and silver, and will no doubt find its way into many a modish davenport in Toronto.

*

What a picnic Queen Victoria and all her family are having, to be sure! I hear that at this present moment there are only three members of the Royal family proper in the United Kingdom. The Prince of Wales and his group are at Cap St. Martin, where *on dit*, his Royal Highness is a trifle gloomy and depressed; her Majesty and a long list of relatives, friends and courtiers are at Hyeres, the Fifes are in Italy, the Tecks at Cannes, the Prince and Princess Christian at Berlin; Lord Salisbury is also on a tour, so that England is left to run herself for a little season. Queen, Prime Minister, heir apparent, and all the rest of them are trying to like the unaccommodating foreign weather, which has disagreeably refused to be bland and balmy, as it decidedly was expected to be. By the way, a very interesting fac simile of Queen Victoria's writing is shown in a letter lithographed for an English magazine, about the death of her grandson. What a capable, refined, tenacious and hot-tempered old lady she is, if graphology speaks truth.

LADY GAY.

The Princess Metternich, who has always taken a warm interest in artistic enterprise, is now very busily occupied with the musical and dramatic exhibition which will open at Vienna in May. It will illustrate as completely as possible the history and progress of music and drama. A committee has been at work for some time and original "scores," old playbills, historic stage furniture, portraits, prints, etc., have been collected for transmission to Vienna, as well as a very unique collection of musical instruments. The exhibition will take place in the grounds of the Rtunda in the Prater.

Individualities.

Mrs. Grant has up to date received from the Scribners as her share in General Grant's book the amount of $414,855.28.

Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night, is busy writing a history of Oregon. She is now living in California.

A Parisian electrician has succeeded in forcing violets by the aid of his battery, and recently sent a bunch of these fledglings, only four hours old, to ex-Empress Eugenie.

A wreath of solid gold was presented to M. Jean de Reszke, the popular opera singer at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, at the conclusion of his solo, Salve Dinora, at the final presentation of Faust.

The munificent gifts of Mrs. Hotchkiss, the widow of the inventor of the machine gun, to Yale College include a building fund of $150,000 and an endowment of $500,000 for the establishment of a preparatory school.

The conferences for women held at the Collegio Romano in connection with the classes for the higher education of women at the girls' college at the Palomballa, are attended with great regularity by Queen Margharita.

The Queen of Italy devotes a day occasionally to visiting the hospitals in Rome. Recently she went over the infants' surgical ward in the Consolation Hospital, and had a smile and caress for each of the little pale patients.

A unique contribution was recently discovered after the collection had been taken in a Brooklyn church. It consisted of a deed to a house, a latch key, bracelets and earrings, and was intended, as the woman said who made the gift, as a Lenten offering.

Among the honorable English ladies who will serve on the committee for women's work at the World's Fair, are the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Brassey, Mrs. Fawcett and Miss Fay Lankester.

Mademoiselle Elise St. Omer, a French woman sixty years old, has started for a tour round the world, beginning by way of the southern hemisphere. She will take her time about the journey and expense, and expects to devote three years to collecting statistics for the French Geographical Society.

Christine Nilsson's return to her native land of Sweden as wife of the Spanish ambassador, Count de la Casa Miranda, rounds out well her romance of real life. She was a farmer's child on the hills when her gift of song was discovered, and after a most fortunate life as queen of song on two continents she returns as a member of the Swedish court.

Lady Henry Somerset speaks of having invited a number of the poorer people of London to her country home for a few days' outing amid all that is most beautiful in field and forest. One of the women, when about to return, thanked Lady Henry, and added, in the kindest spirit: "But I pity you, living out here where everything is so uninteresting!"

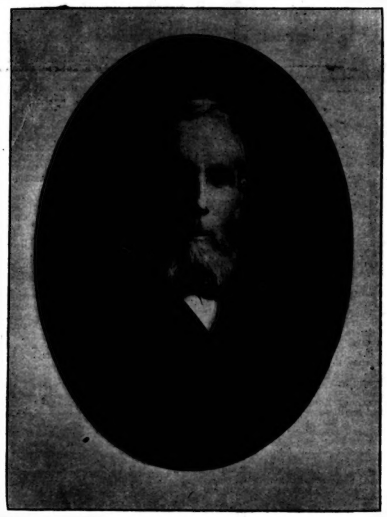
The Marchioness of Dufferin, it will be remembered, interested herself in securing more and better medical treatment for women in India, while her husband was viceroy of that country a few years ago. Now four hundred thousand of her sex get the benefit of attendance, and the staff which she was largely instrumental in establishing consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants.

The Holland House, New York, has made an innovation. A young woman, scarcely more than a girl, is behind the cashier's desk. The Holland is the first hotel in the country to employ a woman cashier in the main office. Her hours are six one day and twelve the next, keeping her at the desk on alternate days until midnight. Her salary is fifteen hundred a year, a considerable advance over what she received when in the restaurant.

The house where Beethoven wrote his Ninth Symphony is still standing in Baden, and is now occupied by an establishment of seamstresses. An old woman, who for several years waited on the great musician at this very house, is living, and recently told a company of German artists that none of Beethoven's portraits were like him, for he looked "much fiercer and savage like," because he never troubled about brushing his hair. She called her old master an "uncouth, crazy musician."

A poor washerwoman of New Orleans, Margaret Haughery, is honored by a statue erected by the ladies of the city, to the "orphans' friend," as she was called. By her industry and thrift she accumulated a fortune, the income of which while she lived and the principal after her death, were devoted to the various orphan asylums of New Orleans. The statue stands in Margaret Place, in front of an asylum that she loved to remember, and represents a plain, elderly woman seated in a chair, with one arm encircling the neck of a little child, who gazes up affectionately into her face.

So carefully is Queen Victoria guarded from contact with the outside world, that she is not allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, nor a magazine, nor a letter from any person except from her own family, and no member of the royal family or household is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication. Every day an officer of the household cuts from the papers such items as he thinks will interest her. These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet with a gold fringe all about it and presents to her majesty. The silken sheet with gold fringe is imperative for all communications of any kind—except a personal letter, which she is not allowed to have at all—must have it printed in gilt letters on one of these silk sheets with a gold fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all about it. These gold trimmings will be returned to him in time, as they are expensive, and the queen is kindly and thrifty, but for her presence they are imperative. The queen deeply appreciates little kindnesses. An American lady sent her an immense collection of the flowers of this country, pressed and mounted. The queen was delighted with the collection and kept it for three months, turning over the leaves frequently with great delight. At the end of that time, which was as long as she was allowed by court etiquette to keep it, she had it sent back with a letter saying that, being Queen of England, she was not allowed to accept presents and that she gave up the flowers with regret.



The Late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Echoes From the Hills.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

It was night and all was still and silent in the camp, except perhaps a group of noisy revelers who made night hideous for those at least who courted sleep after the fashion of tired soldiers. A military camp was an unusual thing in that wild region, more so, perhaps, because of its aggressive nature and the deadly manner of its offensive qualities. It was in the hilly district between India and Burmah, inhabited by a warlike, wild and independent race, who had never until then felt the stern hand of civilized government, and objected to such an aggressive invasion of their beloved hills.

The surrounding atmosphere had been dense with the smoke of burning villages, as one by one the retreating fugitives set fire to their strongholds on the eve of their departure. But hostilities had been suspended for some time, and the soft, cool mountain breeze was very refreshing, rustling among the tall overhanging trees like a gentle lullaby to the weary.

Although the night was cool and invited sleep, there was one in that camp for whom the silent hours awoke sweet memories of the past and sad misgivings for the future. He had lived in that hilly district for many years, among the tribes against whom the expedition was directed, had learned their language, adopted their customs when occasion needed, and was as a brother to many. He had befriended them and interceded for them, and after long years of faithful service and perseverance he had won their respect and confidence. Although hostile among themselves, they were all faithful to him. In his presence the haughty demeanor of the chief gave place to friendly intercourse, and a hearty welcome was always extended wherever he chose to go. Sealed by the oath of allegiance—which is the most sacred rite of the hill-man—these chiefs had relied on him for protection, and in that sense of safety had hoped to avert the expedition, which had caused such dreadful consequences.

That evening at sundown the enemy were seen collecting together on the opposite hill, and apparently trying to attract attention by shouting. At intervals when the breeze would permit, a word could be understood, the general purport of which explained that they desired a cessation of hostilities, but would negotiate with their beloved colonel only. They could not be persuaded under any consideration to approach closer, and it was not thought advisable to trust even the colonel in close quarters with them. Again and again the attempt was made to parley, but the great distance, together with the wind, made it almost impossible to understand one another, until it was finally abandoned at nightfall.

Had he possessed the power to exercise his own will, he would not have hesitated in approaching as close as they desired, but acting in the capacity of interpreter, he was subject to the command of his superior officer. He was powerless to help them as long as they kept such a distance, and the idea troubled him sorely. Long after everybody had turned in, and nothing but the steady tread of the sentry could be heard, he lay thinking—thinking in a very troubled state of mind, as if sleep was impossible. Suddenly he was roused to his senses by a low whispering in his ear, and turning to see who the intruder might be, the crouching figure of a warrior met his gaze, holding up his open hand in token of peace and silence. The man lost no time in explaining his situation, but bending over, whispered hurriedly:

"Arise, brother, the chiefs are waiting to consult with you at the foot of the hill."

No sooner had he uttered the sentence than he disappeared from under the tent, and all trace of him was immediately lost. Whatever his motive was, it was evidently not of a treacherous nature, for had not the colonel's life been in his hands. Could he not have slain him in cold blood, as he lay there motionless, wrapt in thought, and deaf even to the stealthy intrusion of his privacy in that still hour? Would a man risk his life in the enemy's camp, and after evading the searching eye of the sentry crawl past rows of sleeping soldiers and endanger his life at every step to entice away his victim, with the intention of executing his treacherous purpose at leisure, in some more propitious place? The deed was a brave one and worthy of a nobler race.

Regardless of the danger of such a step, the colonel determined to go. In his strong faith in their sincerity the idea of treachery never occurred to him, much less the dangers that beset the traveler at midnight in an Indian jungle. After a few hurried preparations had been made, he quietly wended his way through the sleeping camp, directing his steps to a narrow bridle path that led to the rendezvous of the chiefs. The night was dark without, but who can describe the utter dismal darkness of that jungle? The dense overhanging vegetation formed a canopy that defied the dim glimmer of the moon to penetrate, and echoed every sound in painful distinctness. To some, such a walk would mean the agony of ages; the sound of falling leaves, a sure indication of the approach of some huge monster of the forest, and every gentle rustle would send a cold shiver through the body. And who can wonder? The case is, I venture to say, an isolated one; for who was ever known to undertake such a perilous journey into the enemies' camp single-handed and with no better certainty of a friendly reception? He did not possess any rare qualities of courage beyond other men, but he knew the nature and habits of those with whom it was his lot to be cast, and although indistinguishable in that wealth of vegetation he knew from past experience that the jungle around him swarmed with armed men. Behind each tree on either side of the path, where the great thickness of the trunks afforded protection, stood men armed to the teeth ready to slip into the path the moment he passed and thereby cut off his retreat. Without indicating by either word or action that he was cognizant of their presence, he kept straight on the path, walking at a steady pace with his sheathed sword resting on his arm.

The path suddenly took an abrupt turn, and leading down a slight declivity to the water's edge, brought him to a standstill at the brink of the rivulet. The ground on the opposite bank rose in a gradual ascent to the summit of the hill, and was not as thickly overgrown with jungle. The chiefs had here collected their men, and as the colonel cast his eyes in their direction he could see that they were in great force, and although standing close together, extended in various directions half-way up the hill.

It was an awe-inspiring scene, and a critical moment for the colonel. The dense mass of dusky warriors seemed to increase every moment, as fresh auxiliaries made their appearance from the surrounding jungle, until he soon found himself completely hemmed in by them. The chiefs, who were seated on fallen logs, some twenty paces from the stream, remained in sullen silence, as if ignorant of his presence, until one, apparently the leader, motioned to his retainers, and a long plank was immediately produced and thrown across the stream, forming a bridge for those on the opposite bank to cross! All this time, silence reigned supreme! Not a sound escaped the lips of that anxious throng, and those who stood nearest the chief fell back to a respectful distance, as the leader advanced to meet the colonel. With a stately and kinglike bearing the chief held out his hand to accept the sword that the colonel courteously held out, who in return accepted a handsomely inlaid dagger as a token of peace and friendship! The erect and manly bearing of the chief and his retainers, the cool-headed equanimity of the colonel and the primitive nature of the rendezvous, formed a scene that few indeed have been fortunate enough to witness! I will not attempt to describe the passionate feelings of love, admiration and respect that filled the colonel's breast at that moment. This strong evidence of their pure sincerity and devotion to him, as they eagerly pressed forward to do their homage, would have been flattering even to throned monarchs. He felt at home among them. It was like returning to his own after an anxious absence. The group of chiefs, together with the colonel, then sat round a small fire and eagerly discussed the situation of affairs. A few bottles of native liquor were then produced and freely disposed of, which improved the general feeling and contributed considerably to the hilarious nature of the proceedings, which had lately looked so grave. The night wore on from hour to hour until the dim gray peep of morning burst upon the merry-makers and reminded them once more of the seriousness of the situation. The chiefs then bid the colonel a respectful farewell, and, collecting their men, made their way to the summit of an adjoining hill.

The expedition terminated satisfactorily for the hill men, insomuch that the remainder of their villages were spared, and the name of the colonel remains a by-word in those hills.

* * *

Many years afterwards, on the eve of his retirement, the colonel persuaded a band of these chiefs to accompany him to Calcutta, where they were a source of considerable curiosity and wonder. The change soon wearied them, however, and they gladly welcomed their return to their native hills, where they still roam the boundless jungles, for aught I know—but without the colonel.

E. H. LEWIS.

Miss Attalie Claire.

(See Page 1.)

This brilliant if young artist was born in Toronto and received the earlier part of her musical education here at the hands of Mr. F. H. Torrington. She then went to New York and studied with Mr. Alberto Lawrence and Mme. Fursch-Madi. She developed a bright mezzo-soprano voice of great flexibility, sweetness and expressive power. Her artistic attainments, together with her personal beauty, made her much sought after and she finally accepted an engagement with the National Opera Company, singing parts in support of Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Pauline L'Allemand and Miss Zelie de Lussan. Her success in these *roles* led to her engagement by Mr. Abbey to support Mme. Adelina Patti on her great tour through the United States and Mexico, and later in the same season she supported Mme. Emma Albani in an American tour. Miss Claire was then engaged as prima donna in English opera at the Grand Opera House in New York City, where her excellent performances attracted the attention of the agent of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company and she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to create the title *role* in Planquette's opera, Captain Therese, the part played last season in America by Miss Agnes Huntington. Her success in England, both artistic and social, was unbounded, and she was again engaged to return to America to sing with Miss Lillian Russell in La Cigale, in which her usual success attended her. Miss Claire will sing at the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society on Thursday, April 28.

No Risk Taken.

"Why did you object to being introduced to Collector Hendricks?"

"I was afraid he would recognize the gown my dressmaker wore ashore the other day."

Gymnastics in Brophy's Alley.

Boy in Chair—L-let me down, Jimmy. I ain't f'frightened, but me stummick's fainted.—*Life.*

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XLI.

It was a pitiless night, the rain falling in torrents, and a suspicion of thunder in the air. Dr. Dale congratulated himself that his rounds were over, and that there was no urgent call necessitating his leaving his cosy study again that evening.

He had a pile of books before him, but he had scarcely turned a page of the one that lay open upon his knee, for his thoughts had strayed to Emily Baillie—mysterious, bewitching Emily.

If she could but have known the amount of self-control he was obliged to call to his aid to keep out of her vicinity, but he had given his promise, and a promise was a sacred thing in the young doctor's eyes. He had felt sorely tempted to write to her, to ask her plans, to beg her to consider him her friend, and to apply to him if he could be of the smallest assistance to her, but he hesitated. He felt diffident about forcing himself upon her, and she had been at no pains to hide from him her annoyance at their last meeting.

Oh! but that was at the first moment. Afterwards she had been like her old self, her most gracious and pleasing self. It was odd what an influence he exerted over her, and now, almost unconsciously, and most positively unwillingly, she yielded to him until her thoughts became his thoughts, and her individuality, as it were, became merged in his own. Dr. Dale rarely trusted himself to dwell on the subject that had so fascinated him a while ago—mesmerism and the occult influence individuals exercise over each other. The human will—intangible, subtle, yet so powerful that it could override and master a weaker one—an interesting study, perplexing and most wonderful.

Dr. Dale rose, and drew a couple of volumes towards him, opening them in a half absent and hesitating fashion—half afraid, conscious that intermeddling might be dangerous, and yet unable to resist the temptation. Page after page he turned, and the hours ticked themselves away and still he read on.

The rain fell more heavily, and a dull rumbling proclaimed that the storm was at hand.

"It is incredible," he said, at last. "What might not science accomplish, strengthened by so powerful an ally! And yet we are as children in the dark, scared daring to take a step forward last—

A loud ring at the surgery bell caused him to spring to his feet. He crossed the little hall and flung open the door.

A woman pushed past him into the room, beyond, her cloak streaming with water. It was Emily Baillie. At this hour!

Dr. Dale shot the bolts in the outer door and followed her mechanically. Neither of them had uttered a word. Emily tore the veil from her face, and then he saw how pale she was. She was evidently ill and in need of his service. He came to her side, and unfastened her heavy cloak and shook it carefully, and then he poured a few drops of salvolatile into a glass and held it towards her. But she motioned it aside.

"You must think me mad to come here at such a time," she said with a feeble attempt at a smile. "but I—I could not spend another night of torture such as I have been living through the past week, and I thought you would tell me what to do." She looked up at him wistfully.

"You cannot sleep?"

She shook her head. "I lie and toss and turn and think. Oh, God, I am thinking, thinking until my brain reels and my senses fail me, and if for a moment I lose myself the horror of my dreams wakens me. It is killing me. Give me something for pity's sake; surely there is some drug powerful enough to deaden feeling and—memory."

There was a mist before Dr. Dale's eyes, and a huskiness in the voice that answered her. "There is no medicine potent enough to do what you want, my poor child. I know of none."

The girl stretched her hands towards him. She was not acting. For once in her life she had forgotten self—she put out her poor shaking hands. "Then heaven help me," she murmured. "for I can bear no more." Feebly she groped for her bonnet, found it, and would have put it on and gone away but he pushed her back in her chair.

"Rest," he said imperatively. "Lie back there and I will fetch you something that will ease you for the moment." He came back with a decanter of wine and a couple of glasses.

"There," he said cheerily, "you will drink some of this to please me and you will feel ever so much better by and by."

She let him pour some out and drank it, and when he saw the color was ebbing back to her lips and cheeks he drew his chair close to hers and took both her hands into his firm clasp.

"Emily," he said, "listen to me, dear. You are unstrung, your nerves are all to pieces, you want care and good nursing or I should not think what may be in store for you. Will you give yourself to me, will you let me make you my wife? My life shall be spent in striving to win your love. Darling, you shall never regret it.

She was looking up at him with widely open eyes. "You forget," she said brokenly. "There has been—someone else."

"I forget nothing. I know that you have cared for a man who has not honor enough to ——

"Hush! for pity's sake!" She had wrenched her fingers from his clasp and flung them before her face. "You do not know what you ask, nor what I am. If you knew you would turn from me in horror and loathing. I——" She held herself a little apart, speaking with difficulty, her eyes seeking his nervously. "I——" Her voice faltered and broke.

"Speak, Emily. I bid you speak. Fear nothing."

Great beads of perspiration stood on the doctor's brow. Again he laid his hands on hers, and could feel her quiver as he did so. The words came haltingly from her lips, disconnectedly often, a phrase broken or unintelligible, but she obeyed, and the pitiful story of a woman's frailty and a woman's shame was told, and then with a cry of despair she tossed her head.

"I love him still," she cried. "I could creep to his feet and die there content."

"Do you love him—the man who has destroyed your life for his own selfish pleasure? Emily, rise above this infatuation. There are depths of selfishness underlying this, in your nature; your primary instincts were pure, good. Throw off this thrall. Put this man out of your heart and life for ever. You can do it—will you?"

In the silence that followed Dr. Dale could hear the quick throbbing of his heart; but Emily stood white and still.

"You mean—" she said at last, all unbelievingly.

"I mean that what you have confessed to me has but increased my love for you. I will marry you, Emily, and what is more I will trust you for all the time to come," and he drew her into his arms.

For a second she lay there, passive, mute, then she raised her hand to her head.

"It is coming back again—the pain, and the confusion," she said. "Oh, make me rest—you can, and you only."

She raised her hand upon her brow and he could feel the quick pulses beating and hammering. With all his force, with his whole heart and soul, he willed that she should sink into a dreamless sleep. Her eyelids quivered and fell, the muscles relaxed, she lay heavily back in his arms—at rest.

And then Dr. Dale lifted her and laid her on a sofa at the farther end of the room. It was fitted into a recess, with curtains reaching down to the ground, and completely shut out from view the rest of the room.

And then the storm in all its fury. Peals of thunder, followed by lurid gleams of lightning.

"It will not wake her here, and she will be in the dark, which is better," he mused, as he dragged the curtains across and went back to his chair. An hour went by and still the thunder pealed. The doctor opened the window and let in the cool, sweet, rain-laden air. Faugh! It was stifling in here. How quietly she slept—poor Emily! He rose and drew back the crimson draperies. She might almost have been dead, so motionless, so white.

He bent over her. Her breath came softly, evenly, between her parted lips. Not all the artillery of heaven had power to arouse her. Her bosom rose and fell beneath the thin gauze that covered it, and her beautifully moulded limbs were tossed wantonly apart, the thin stuff of which her gown was made allowing the perfect outlines to be seen. The blood rushed to Dr. Dale's face. He caught up a rug and laid it about her, pressing his lips to the white veined hand that lay palm uppermost. He dared not trust himself to watch her.

How lovely she was! As he thought of the story she had told, and how she had been the caprice of a moment, the sport of a time when wearied of, he clenched his hand angrily.

"And she loves him still, poor girl! and would follow his beckoning finger if it led to her own destruction. Am I man enough to yield her up to him? Could he be forced into doing her a tardy justice? She has no love for me, and I would be hard to bear if, in the years to come, she grew no nearer to me—if her thoughts were still turned regretfully towards him? yes, and

Full two hours passed away and Dr. Dale still sat with his head resting on his hand musing. And then he rose, pale and stern.

"For her sake," he murmured, and with a quick, firm step crossed the room and drew aside the curtains. The sleeping girl had not stirred. It was eleven o'clock when he rang the surgery bell, and it was now on the stroke of three. Loth though he felt to rouse her it must be done.

Janet, it was true, was accustomed to all sorts of vagaries on the part of her brother, but she happened to know to-night that he had been waiting for, and if perchance she was restless, as well she might be after such a storm, it was more than likely that she would find out that he had not yet come upstairs. Yes, she willingly, he put his hand upon Emily's arm.

"Wake up!" he cried, but she did not stir. He threw sharply upon the closed eyelids; they were fast closed. He even shook her and raised her head from the pillows, but it fell back again.

"She must have her sleep out, I suppose," he thought uneasily. "If she has had several restless nights she will be worn out with fatigue, but it is awkward." Yes, it was extremely awkward.

From time to time he tried to rouse her, but with no result whatever, and the time crept away until daylight crept through the windows, and the doctor extinguished his lamp.

Morning had come and still Emily slept tranquilly on.

Dr. Dale had not closed his eyes all night. He was far too anxious, but he began to feel the want of sleep. He poured some cold water into a basin and dipped his head into it and felt somewhat refreshed. Then he flicked a wet corner of the towel into the face of the sleeping girl, but there was not so much as a movement of the eyelids in response. At nine o'clock the household was astir. The page boy began shaking the mats out of the side door, whistling to himself. Those days of Lord Rooney nearly drove his master distracted. Twenty times he was on the point of calling out to him to cease, but forbore. At last Henry went indoors and there was a lull.

Dr. Dale was anxious to disarrange his bedroom somewhat so that it might present an air of having been occupied, and presently taking heart of grace, and profoundly hoping that Miss Baillie would not choose the identical moment to awaken when he was absent, he stole forth, carefully locking the door behind him. Up the stairs stealthily—at the top he was confronted by his sister.

"Have you been out, Vivian?" she asked.

"Yes—no—that is to say——

Janet looked surprised, as well she might. It was not her brother's wont to give evasive answers, and he had a perfect right to please himself in all things.

"Your bed has not been slept in," she remarked, "so I supposed you had been sent for."

"The fact is, my dear Janet, I staid up reading, and I actually fell asleep in my armchair. A frightful confession to make, is it not?"

His sister laughed and went downstairs without giving it another thought. As soon as it was possible the doctor returned to his sanctum, where Henry brought his breakfast, for he felt it would be impossible to sit down with Janet.

And still Emily slept on. What in the world was he to do? He had a busy day before him, many patients to see. It was out of the question that he could remain at home, and equally impossible to leave the sleeping beauty locked up. Should he take Janet into his confidence? No. He dismissed the notion. His sister was a bit of a prude. She would think it so odd that Miss Baillie should have come there at all, she had never liked the girl, had made no secret of her suspicions concerning her. He could not tell her. She would not believe him.

"Upon my word I don't know what to do," he said. It was now ten o'clock and he ought to be off. A few minutes later the brougham came to the door.

"Henry," said Dr. Dale, "send Coates back—I shall not want him until later."

The page boy went out with his message, and a minute or two later Janet knocked at his door.

"Are you not going to use the brougham?" said she, astonishment legibly written on her face.

"No, I—I have to wait to see a patient whom I am momentarily expecting," returned the doctor.

But he was telling a lie, and his sister, who knew him so well, could tell as much.

CHAPTER XLII.

Now when Dr. Dale did not use his brougham his sister always took possession of it, but for once she departed from her accustomed rule.

She did not care to go out she told herself, unwilling to acknowledge that a feeling of curiosity kept her within doors. More and more astonished was Janet when one o'clock came and her brother had not left his surgery. What would his patients think? Twenty of them at least must have been expecting him. Was he ill? Janet flung her work aside and went to the surgery. The door was locked. She rapped sharply. A voice from within answered:

"What do you want?"

"Are you not well, Vivian? Let me in."

"I am perfectly well, but busy. Go away."

But Janet did not go. She lingered on the threshold until she had satisfied herself that her brother was alone. Not a sound reached her ear save the quick turning of the pages of a book, and at length she returned to her own room, sorely puzzled. Truly Dr. Dale was on the horns of a dilemma.

Emily still slept peacefully on, and it might have been the sleep of the dead for all signs she gave of life or movement. He blew upon her face, raised her eyelids, lifted her from her recumbent position and placed her on a chair, but all efforts to awaken her were useless. At two o'clock he had a patient to visit whom it would be fatal to disappoint, so go he must.

Dr. Dale groaned heavily. How he cursed his insane folly in playing with edged tools. Supposing that she never woke up! A cold shiver ran down the doctor's spine and he thrust his fingers through his hair distractedly. Then hastily he scribbled a few lines to meet the girl's eye if she should awaken during his absence, drew the curtains closely over the recess and locked the door after him. When Janet heard the sharp click of the hall door she flew to the window. Yes, it was her brother, hurrying along at the top of his speed.

He had gone then without luncheon. It was all very perplexing. Janet picked at the wing of a chicken, drank a glass of claret, and filled Bluebeard's wife, determined to trespass on for olden ground. She had never once been refused admittance to her brother's sanctum, although as a matter of fact she had never wished to go there. It had no charms for her, with its rows of bottles and its cases of shining instruments. It had never occurred to Dr. Dale that his sister might have a twin key to the one that reposed snugly in his waistcoat pocket, but Janet found one in her bunch that fitted and the lock turned easily. The first thing she saw was the folded note in the middle of the table addressed to Miss Baillie.

"This it was she for whom he was waiting," cried Janet with lips tightly compressed, and would have turned and left the room, but with, irritated and sore, but something on the floor caught her eye, caught and riveted it, and that something was long and soft and silky. Did ever golden movement fleet across the floor and parted the curtains that shaded the recess.

There lay Emily Baillie—asleep. Astonishment rooted Janet to the spot. Literally she was incapable of movement. She stood and gazed, and the unconscious girl slept peacefully on.

When Janet found herself in her own room once more, like Bluebeard's wife again, she regretted the miserable curiosity that had brought this shameful secret to her knowledge.

"I suppose she has been here all night," she reflected with flaming cheeks. "It is deceitful and I would never have believed it of Vivian." She recalled his confusion and the hesitation with which he spoke when she had met him on the stairs before breakfast that morning. She understood it now, and was more incensed than she had ever been in her life.

Meanwhile, Dr. Dale, in happy ignorance of what had transpired at home, had paid his visit to the choleric old gentleman who would assuredly have dismissed him without the faintest scruple had he not paid his accustomed visit at the hour it suited his convenience to be waited upon, and was s'anding on the mat preparatory to taking his departure, when a door on his left opened and a man came out, crossed the hall, and as he did so caught sight of Dr. Dale.

It was Lord Hardstock. The blood rushed to the doctor's face. In two seconds he recovered his determination. He stepped forward and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"May I have a word with you?"

"Twenty if you like—I am quite at your service."

The men walked away side by side. Just at first it was easy to begin but the end, the little once broken the words came glibly. Dr. Dale told how the woman Lord Hardstock had flung into the gutter had come to him for help and advice, and how her sad story was known to him.

"I have no right to dictate to you," he said in conclusion. "In such cases each man must judge for himself and frame his actions according to his own code of honor, but if you could have seen the poor girl as I saw her, if you had bowed down to the very earth with shame and misery, I cannot but think that one course alone would commend itself to you."

"And that?"

"Marriage, and what reparation love and devotion can bring."

Lord Hardstock was silent for a space, then looked curiously into his companion's face.

"A little bird had whispered to me," said he, "that the lady in question, I saw her, had not been indifferent to the charms of the lady in question."

"It is true. I am not ashamed to confess it. I love Emily Baillie so well that I bury my own feelings out of sight and ask the man who loves to do her the only justice in his power."

"And you think she would be happy as my wife, knowing as she must certainly do that I offered her marriage solely from a sense of the injury I had done her?"

"I do think so. She is of a peculiar disposition—sensitive to a degree; highly emotional. You are to her the one man in the world, and she would be happier with you than with one who would undoubtedly treat her better."

"You are honest at all events."

"I am too anxious for her welfare to pick and choose my words." The young man's voice shook.

"What is her address? Where is she staying?"

Dr. Dale laughed. "That is the oddest part of the business. She is in my house, where she has been since eleven o'clock last night—unconscious. And he briefly narrated the facts as we know them.

"Good Lord, man—she may die." Lord Hardstock was genuinely startled. "I have seen something of mesmerism in my time, and have dabbled in it myself in my younger days, but I know quite enough to be aware that if you are unable to awaken her you ought at once to get assistance. There is Delany (naming one of the first mesmerists of the day). The only thing to be done is to put the case before him at once."

With a sinking heart the doctor agreed, and the two men, drawn together by a vague and horrible dread, jumped into a hansom and were rapidly driven to Harley street. Here they found Mr. Delany at home, and within a quarter of an hour they were all three *en route* for West Kensington.

"It is then seventeen hours since the young lady succumbed to the influence?" questioned the great man. "Have there been any twitching of the eyelids, or convulsions of the body?"

"None whatever. She lies like a child, or a happy child, quietly sleeping, a half smile upon her face."

"Humph!" Not another word did the professor speak until they reached the surgery door, where Dr. Dale produced his latchkey and they entered noiselessly, so noiselessly that Janet on the floor above heard nothing.

Emily lay in precisely the same position as when he had left her, but the doctor fancied that there was a warmer tint upon her face. He took her hand but it fell limp and nerveless from his hold. Prof. Delany thrust him aside with scant ceremony, and began muttering rapid passes over the recumbent form. The veins in his forehead stood out like whipcord; he worked like one possessed, but it was of no avail.

Then he beckoned to Dr. Dale and showed him how to place his arms lengthwise along the arms of the subject and breathe softly upon her. "Speak to her—call her by her name."

"Emily! Emily!"

A quiver passed over the upturned face, another, a smile, and then:

"I am coming, Rupert!" But her voice was so faint, so weak that it only reached the ears of the man who would have given his life for her. As if in pain he had been stung he shrank back. Still with her eyes closed the girl pulled herself upright and tried to make a few steps. Then she turned, saw Lord Hardstock she turned, and, obeying an imperative gesture from Delany, his lordship put out his hand and gave her closely to him. With a sigh she laid her head like a tired child upon his breast.

"She will do now. Be careful that she is not disturbed or agitated in any way, and, if I may give you a second my advice, be very chary how you use the gifts you undoubtedly possess, for mesmerism, though the most abject of slaves, is apt at times to be a cruel master."

Dr. Dale bowed silently. It was not likely that to his dying day he would forget the terrible lesson he had learned. Whispering a few words to Lord Hardstock, Dr. Dale closed the surgery door upon him and went upstairs to the dining-room. He was worn out, physically and mentally. His sleepless nights and the terrible excitement he had gone through had left him weak and unnerved; he was beginning to be conscious too, that he had breakfasted but lightly and had eaten nothing since. Janet sat stiff and stern in her accustomed seat near the window. Her brother walked up to the sideboard and poured out a tumbler half full of sherry and drank it off at a draught, and then he flung himself heavily on the sofa, with a sigh.

"Would you like your luncheon now, Vivian?"

"Yes; I am hungry, and dead tired."

"I am not surprised," returned his sister frigidly, as she rang the bell.

The doctor made a hearty meal, during which Janet never opened her lips, for which her brother was profoundly thankful; but just as he was about to leave the room she rose from her chair and faced him.

"No," she said, with quite a tragic air. "You will not leave me, Vivian, until you inform me who the female is you have secreted in your surgery, and for what purpose she is here."

"My dear Janet, what do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say. Unless you give me a full and satisfactory reason for certain facts that have come to my knowledge, I leave your roof at once and for ever. You seem to forget that I am a virtuous woman, and as such should be respected."

"By Jove, you can go as soon as you like," cried Dr. Dale, now fully as angry as his sister. "And so sure as everything that is pure and chaste, but upon my soul you are the biggest fool that ever wore petticoats."

And so saying the doctor went out and closed the door noisily after him, and Janet fell back in her chair, white and quivering with passion, but too wrathful to shed a single tear.

"What I have seen with my own eyes I must believe," she said to herself, but she forgot that "things are not what they seem," and it is possible for very doubtful actions to stand triumphantly the scathing light of day.

(To be Continued.)

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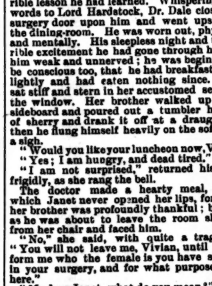

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For Love's Sake.

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There were two men who loved Maggie Lee; and, as often happens, she did not understand the dictates of her own heart, and married the wrong one. Not but what Philip Hallworth loved her. She loved him too; but her affection was put to a severe test when, after years of wedded life, she found herself and her child in a cottage, which they once called home, now reduced almost to four bare walls, a hard landlord pressing for rent, an empty larder, three whole days without food, and no hope of immediate employment for her husband. But he was a good for nothing fellow. He would not always work when he got the chance and drank the best part of his earnings. Like Mr. Micawber, he was always waiting for something to turn up, and when something did turn up, it was his undoing, as you shall presently hear.

It was a lonely place where they lived, on the outskirts of a thick wood, and within a few hundred yards of the house a torrent that came from the hills foamed madly along.

One day, while lounging about in his usual vagabond style, he saw a stranger, who had tried to ford the river, carried away by the current. Hallworth jumped in, for he had plenty of pluck, although he was generally too lazy to exercise it; and, after a fearful struggle, he brought his man to land. The latter, as soon as he was able to speak, informed his preserver that he was rich and noble, and that he would reward him handsomely for his exertions. He went away and was heard of no more. But that was quite enough for Philip.

For weeks after this he lived on golden dreams, and poor Maggie and little Jenny, their daughter, had to do the same. But golden dreams are not very substantial things to live on; hence the misery of their home (a mockery of the name) which I have endeavored to portray.

Meantime, James Ashwood, the gamekeeper, the man whom Maggie had rejected, lived in respectability and single blessedness. They met but seldom, and she tried very hard to conceal her misery and poverty from him; but he saw through all her little artifices—the simulated bright look and happy smile. They wrung his very heart-strings. He was powerless to aid her, and he loved her with a great and silent affection, which he would not have confessed to any man—hardly even to himself. He would not have allowed a breath to sully her fair name, for there was no one in the world he honored more than the wife of Philip Hallworth.

II.

It was a bleak night in October. The rain and hail pattered against the broken windows. The great branches of the trees without could be heard tossing in the storm. The very cottage rocked, and the wind moaned ominously in the chimneys. A pleasant sound that, in a cosy home where you sit by your fireside; but not so in such a hovel as Philip Hallworth's. That was a mere shelter against the elements, and a poor one at best—nothing more. There was no fire in the grate, and a candle guttering down in a battered candlestick only made the occupants of the room look even more haggard than they really were.

Suddenly there was a sharp knocking at the door. Philip opened it, and a little old gentleman in a wide Inverness, with his umbrella turned inside out, was almost blown into his arms.

"Can I have a few minutes' rest and shelter here?" he asked.

"Certainly," Hallworth answered; "such as we have you're welcome to, but it's not much to boast of."

"I shall not trouble you long. I am on my way to Sir Charles Hazelton's; I lost my road in the wood, and thought I would seek for shelter here."

That was not a very hospitable cottage to come to, rather from the necessities than from the inclinations of its inmates. The old gentleman was wet through, and there were but scant opportunities there of drying clothes. However, Maggie took him to their bedroom. He had some other apparel in his bag, he said. He would put the things on, and with their permission wait till the storm was over.

There were two rooms upstairs. The place was in a very dilapidated condition, and there were chinks in the thin partition quite wide enough to see through. There were two hungry, wolfish eyes there, peering in—the eyes of Philip Hallworth—and they saw a strange sight. The old man, while changing his clothes, was taking out a number of little linen bags. He opened one and examined the contents. It was full of gold coins—sovereigns.

Gold in that house—the abode of misery and starvation. Philip turned away and went heavily down the stairs. The sight had made him sick. He went to the window below and looked out. The wind continued, but the rain had ceased, and the moon was riding in a blue sky, shedding her fairy light upon the earth. A moment later the old gentleman came down too.

"Well," he said, "I see the weather has cleared. I must be going now. Could you come with me a little way, and put me in the right path for Sir Charles house?"

Hallworth was silent for a space, and then answered in a hollow voice:

"Yes, sir, I'll come with you."

The stranger was outside by that time. He seemed glad to escape from the place. Philip paused, and took up a gun from the corner.

"What is that?" Maggie asked.

"Ashwood's gun. I must return it to him."

She said no more; she guessed the rest. They must live, and, after all, poaching was not the most unpardonable of crimes. She sighed deeply, and then looked up at him, trying to smile, but it was a very poor attempt. That pale face, with the dark veins round the eyes, smote him to the very heart. It was a great deal his own fault, but man will not acknowledge these things; so he railed at luck, at fate, at the world in general.

"Good-bye, Maggie," he said, stooping down to kiss her; "I sha n't be gone long. Cheer up, love, our luck must change; we shall be rich and happy yet!"

III.

Later on that night the gamekeeper, James Ashwood, was out upon his rounds. He was a lonely man; but on moonlight nights, when all things were very quiet, he was especially sad. He thought most then of his life as it was and what it might have been.

Suddenly he heard the report of a gun. It seemed almost as though the shot had whirred by him. At first he thought it must be poachers, but then he heard a groan and an exclamation. For some time he could not tell exactly whence it proceeded. He searched in all directions.

At last, breaking through some thick bushes, he started back in horror, for he had found what it was. There was the body of an old man in an Inverness cloak lying quite still and dead, the fresh dewy grass sullied by the blood that had flowed from his breast. Ashwood heard a crackling sound among the brambles. He looked up and saw a man a few yards off running away.

As he turned his head a moment he recognized Philip Hallworth. Great heavens! he saw it all now. A foul murder had been committed, and the assassin was Maggie's husband!

IV.

The first gray streaks of the cheerless October morning were dawning in the east as Philip Hallworth crept home into his cottage. Maggie was there waiting up for him. She startled him. He hoped not to meet her yet awhile; but she had not gone to bed, thinking some evil might have befallen him. Perhaps it was a presentiment.

"What is the matter!" she said, rising, for he looked wild and haggard. "Are you ill?"

"It's nothing. Hunger and exhaustion have brought it on, but all that will soon be over; we shall be rich and happy. I have brought you some money and more will come."

"You have brought some money, Philip! Where did you get it?"

"The old man gave it to me for my trouble."

And he flung down a sovereign on the table; but there was no joy in his tone, and he turned away from her as he spoke. She looked at him curiously. What could be the matter with him!

There was a loud knock at the door, and he jumped as though he had been shot. He stood there trembling, and it was Maggie who went to open it. Michael Marsden, the village bailiff, stood without.

"What, both on ye up already?" he said. "Have ye 'eard the news? There's bin a old gent in a Inverness found murdered and robbed in the wood."

"The man who came here for shelter!" cried Maggie.

"Sir Charles 'ave bin on the spot, an' the police, an' all the rest o' it; but I thought as ye'd like to 've the first news, 'Allworth, as ye're interested in the matter."

"Interested!" the other exclaimed, visibly turning pale. "Was he suspected already?"

"What do you mean, Michael? what do you mean?"

"Ye remember that chap w'hose life ye saved some time agone?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems he was a lord something or other. This old gent who's bin killed is a lawyer, and, by some papers found on 'im, it seems 'e 'ad £1,000 in gold and notes to be delivered to you for saving his lordship's life. He'd got instructions to go to Sir Charles Hazelton first and inquire about you. Well, 'e's bin robbed o' the 'ole bloomin' lot!"

Philip staggered and sank upon a chair, his head buried in his hands. All that money that he had perjured his soul to gain, his own—all his! Oh, if he had only waited a day! He thought he must go mad; and to add to the horror of his situation, they fancied he was lamenting the loss of the money, and both his wife and Marsden tried to console him!

"Do not despair!" she said; "the people who have committed this crime may be discovered before long, the money traced, and given to you."

"Yes," he replied bitterly, "there is that chance. They say that murder will out."

"They think they're on the right track of the murderer already," the bailiff said. Hallworth looked up, but without daring to face either of them. "Suspicion is so strong that Sir Charles has been induced to make out a warrant."

"Against whom?" Maggie asked.

"James Ashwood."

"James Ashwood!" Philip cried, starting up. "I'll pledge my life he's innocent. What evidence is there against him?"

"His gun was found close to the spot."

"Yes, but Philip," Maggie interposed, "that gun—"

Her husband, who now stood behind Marsden, made her an imploring gesture of silence. She stopped short, but even then she did not realize the truth.

"I daressay he'll account for the gun," he said, seating himself again. "Anything else, Michael?"

"Only that it was I that first found it out, and I saw him standing over the body."

Hallworth was lost in thought—horrible, maddening thoughts. He was unconscious of what more the bailiff had to say, and when he looked up Marsden had left the cottage. He went over to his wife.

"Maggie," he said very quietly, and would have taken her hand, but he suddenly refrained, he had become a thing terrible even to himself. "Maggie, James Ashwood must be saved. I can do it, and I will."

"You, Philip! How? What do you mean?"

"Do not ask me!"

At this moment the doorway, which had been left open, was darkened by a tall, manly form. It was James Ashwood, the gamekeeper. But he was closely followed by two others—Marsden again, and a constable, who clapped a hand upon his shoulder, saying:

"James Ashwood, I arrest you for the murder of Samuel Tremlett."

"Very well," he answered calmly; "but I should be glad to know upon what evidence the warrant has been issued."

"Your gun was found near the spot," Marsden put in.

There was a minute of painful silence. Maggie was almost choked by emotion. Ashwood would not criminate her husband; but why did he not speak?

"Well, Marsden," the gamekeeper said, "I see that appearances are against me. Is there anything else?"

"They've tried to prove you had no money yesterday; but I know better, and I know what ye did with it. Ashwood, the rent of this 'ouse with every penny ye' ad, and that I'll swear to!"

"You did this!" Hallworth exclaimed.

"Yes; but what does it matter? Come, you must do your duty. Take me with you."

"No!" Maggie interposed, speaking in an eager whisper to her husband. "Philip, you said that you could save him. If you can, do so now."

"Do you wish that I should, Maggie?"

"Yes."

"Then I will!" and there was a set purpose in his face—a look of wild despair. "But you must leave us for a few moments. Go; good-bye."

"Why do you say good-bye?" she asked in a startled tone, as she moved towards the staircase door.

"Because we must part for a short while. Until we meet again, good-bye."

He put his hand towards hers, but again drew it back, shuddering. Sadly she turned and quitted the room. It was all a terrible mystery to her.

There was one course open to him—the coward's way out of his difficulties; but one could almost dare to call it justifiable in such a horrible situation as his. The others never noticed him, as he stood by the door, take a small phial from his pocket and drain its contents. Then he came to the middle of the room, and called the three men to him. His face was livid and convulsed.

"Ashwood," he said, "I don't want the innocent to suffer for the guilty. It was I who committed this crime."

"You, Hallworth!" cried Marsden.

"One word while I can still speak. Here is the money. I did it for her sake and the child's. All the time it was mine, and the punishment recoils upon my own head. Ashwood, see to her happiness, and promise me that she shall never—never know—"

"I will!" the other answered solemnly.

Hallworth spoke no more. They tried to support him, but he broke from them. One convulsion, one gasp, and then all was over.

Maggie, hearing strange sounds, rushed down the stairs. They would have kept from her the sight that awaited her there, but they were too late, and with a wild cry she sank forward in a swoon. Two strong arms caught her—those of James Ashwood, the man who would have suffered punishment and disgrace for her sake—those arms which through life now were destined to shield her from all harm.—*L. E. B. Stephens in Tit-Bits.*

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"Tokay Rope Co. at a trial of your hew-style hemp rope. It worked admirably. Gentlemen—I was present Yours truly,
"LEFT HANGING."

A Leap-Year Romance.

He had been across the ocean half a dozen times or more, and had heard its wild commotion lash on every foreign shore. He had rummaged every city, from the finest to the vilest, had been captured by banditti, in the desert raved with thirst. Icy summits had surmounted, hung suspended from a crag, tried in classic haunts uncounted the relaxation of a "jag." Chased the bear in regions frigid, quarried gems in jungles hot, had exchanged his morals rigid for a freedom Hottentot. Languished in a cell's enclosure in the country of the Czar, caught a fever from exposure in a savage Zulu war. Had attempted every danger that a mortal dared attempt, was to coward's or a stranger, treated custom with contempt. Stomped the lion in his ravage, tracked the tiger to his lair, and to kill a naked savage called an every-day affair. But a Fahrenheit to zero has been often known to fall, and at last this mighty hero found he wasn't brave at all. Trepidation was his master: he was afraid of a maid; and the cause of the disaster was a twenty-summers' maid. In his brain a thick congestion paralyzed his wonted verve, for he wished to pop the question and he didn't have the nerve. Twenty times he'd tried to tether his rebellious thoughts extreme, always ending with the weather or some other foreign theme. But at last the merry maiden cast a light in chaos dark, as she helped him to his Alden with an apropos remark. For this took the right dimensions of his manner and his look—understood his apprehensions, and could read him like a book. What he thought was his undoing was the very thing that charmed: it is politic in wooing to appear a bit alarmed. Though a maiden may dissemble a demeanor ice-congealed, if she sees her lover tremble it will always make her yield. With an air of rapt abstraction she announced that adage old. "All the laurels are for action—the successful are the bold." 'Twas the cleverest of ruses, and the lover, in amaze, found that lips had other uses than the framing of a phrase, and discovered, as the fetter of restraint had lifted his will, that "two heads than one are better, but two lips are better still." (Envoy) Now, although it is admitted that a maiden mustn't woo, still this damsel stands acquitted: it was eighteen ninety-two!

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"Did you ask your husband where he was last night?" asked the much-interested neighbor.

"Yes; and I have every reason to believe he told me the truth."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He said he didn't know."

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HOW IT WORKS.

From the very first dose a feeling of general relief is experienced, as if the system was awakened to the consciousness of a better mode of life.

It never takes more than three or four bottles to work a complete change in the former condition of the stomach, and to create a strong appetite for regular and substantial food, with the ability of properly digesting the same.

Nervousness and sleeplessness have also disappeared.

While the system is thus being built up again with its natural materials, while the unnatural stimulant is thus being restaured to the circulation, the desire for liquor or artificial stimulant gradually decreases in the same proportion, and after an average of three weeks' faithful use of the Antidote, the system can do without liquor or artificial stimulants, and does not longer call for them; the patient is cured. He was a slave to disease; he is now again his own master, in good health.

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Mrs. Van Neering (hiring her first butler)—And you are sure you are fully conversant with the duties of a butler and will not need any instructions?

Tenery Obbs (reassuringly)—That's hall right, me leddy. No von shall never know but what you've been used to a butler hall yer life.

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No Way Out of It.

Strawber—How does it happen that you haven't a dress suit, old man? I thought you had one.

Singerly—I did. But I was traveling in a pullman car the other day and gave it to the porter.

Strawber—What on earth did you do that for?

Singerly—What else could I do? He found out that I had it with me.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Prompt.

"This, then, Miss Grassneck," said the young man as he started for the door, "is your final decision?"

"It is, Mr. Wicklugg," said the young girl firmly.

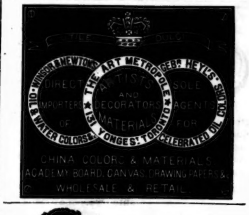
"Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is but one more thing to add."

"What is that?" she asked, toying absently with the lobe of her shell like ear.

"It is this," he muttered—"shall I return those black satin suspenders by mail, or will you have them now?"

Spring Notes from the Suburbs.

Mr. Lon Moer of Loneiyville recently accomplished a high jump of six feet two inches; and Mr. Howson Lost, on the same morning, did a half mile run, on a muddy track, in two minutes and sixteen seconds.



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Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

Music.

QUITE the usual crop of Good Friday and Easter week concerts came up this season, so many of them that I could not attend them all nor arrange for reports thereon. The welcome rest of the short holidays proved too great a temptation for me, and I simply concluded that these concerts would be just as successful without my presence in the audience. Suffice it to say that all were largely attended, and that all were well carried out.

One of the best performances of comic opera I have seen in Toronto was that of The Tyrolean last week at the Academy. When I saw Marie Tempest in The Red Hussar last year I was not particularly charmed with her, but in The Tyrolean she was one of the most charming performers I have seen. First of all, the opera is clever in both plot and music, and was well staged, and her part of Adam fitted her like a kid glove. She sang excellently, was in good voice, and acted most naturally. Her singing of the Nightingale Song was very effective and was the strong feature of the opera. She showed all the grace and spirit which have made her famous in England, and which was lacking in her first visit to Toronto. Next came the fine singing of the Tyrolean quartette, with their charming jodels. Nanon was not such a success, being very tame in its representation. Marie Tempest's support was good, especially in the comic section, Freddy Solomon, Max Figman and Edwin Stevens being delightful. The two latter in the Tyroleans were "simply immense" in their peculiar jocularity. Drew Donaldson is a tall, handsome contralto who looks well and sings well and is an excellent actress. The chorus was the best that has been in Toronto for many a long day and sang splendidly. Altogether the performance of The Tyrolean was well worthy of the high repute of the New York Casino.

Quite a contrast to the Tempest company was that headed by W. T. Carleton, also at the Academy. I was sorry to see this excellent artist in such a weak opera as Indigo, and with such an indifferent company. That Indigo is by Strauss might be surmised from the fact that the Thousand and One Nights and Blue Danube waltzes are strong features in the opera, but it does seem weak to bolster up an opera with such time-worn beauties as these. Certainly the presence of one of them is accounted for by the fact that one of the characters is supposed to be a Hungarian, and that he introduces the music of his country, but the other has no such sponsorship, unless it might be the revels that might take place in King Indigo's harem. The music generally is weak and insipid, and as the Academy orchestra is drumless, and was augmented only by a piano and single first violin, its representation probably left much to be imagined. The humor of the piece is very gentle and ladylike, its principal factor being the King Indigo of Charles Drew. His funny business was redolent of puns as an old-time English burlesque, and had little else, if we except a clever stuttering song with which he made his entrance. Carleton was in fine voice and as Ali Baba did some agreeable work. Contrary to his custom in late years, he has a part which does not dominate throughout the opera, and which is not a tenor *role*. He was placed in his natural voice and sang very excellently. He has a little gem, a lullaby addressed to his donkey (a live one, by the bye, will all the stubbornness of his kind) an exceedingly sweet composition. In the third act he interpolates a song, Speed On, of which he gave a splendid rendition.

The other singers were very mediocre in character. The leading lady, Miss Marie Bach, who sang the part of Fantasca, has a fine, strong voice, but sang oh! so inartistically, savoring rather of the variety show than of opera. Miss Clara Wisdom, a tall, handsome woman, was little better, while a little more art was shown by Miss Marion Langdon as Taffena, and by Mr. Harold Blake as Janio. The chorus was composed of five men and ten ladies—girls—whose liberal display of tights, shoulders and arms made the show popular with the front seats. It was impossible to catch the plot of the opera, as this was a company most of whose members ignored the words they had to sing, or sang them without any attempt at distinctness. King Indigo's topical song, Not in a Thousand Years, was one of those illustrations of the senselessness of American managers who fail to consider that the topics which may interest United States politicians are so much empty wind in Canada, and who fire this "guff" at our devoted heads without an effort to localize an otherwise good topical song. I am afraid that Indigo's days are doomed, and I hope to see Carleton next year with something more worthy of his past.

Those brave old vessels, the Army & Navy Veterans, had a high holiday on Monday evening when their annual concert took place at the Academy of Music. They turned out in force, with a full and not too quiet gallery, which had a decided tendency to keep up a running conversation with the stage. Some old non-coms whose habits of order and discipline were offended by this levity, tried to enforce order, and were so devoted to this object that they called "order" even when legitimate applause was given, with the result that encores were, for once, few in number. Songs were sung by Miss Jardine-Thomson, Miss Leadley, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, while Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels recited and Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments. The Queen's Own Rifles Bugle Band rolled out its sonorous sounds, and sword contests, with Ed. Hanlan's rowing exhibition, afforded amusement to the Vets.

In order to place before its subscribers as perfect a series of concerts as possible, the Philharmonic Society has wisely decided to postpone its performances of Callirhoe and The Redemption until May 17 and 18. The increased efficiency of the representations in all details will abundantly justify the delay, and these should be the most interesting concerts of the season.

The list of artists who will take part in the Toronto Vocal Society's concert is now complete. Miss Attalie Claire, Mr. Frederic Boscovitz and Mr. Harold Jarvis will assist, as well as Miss Florence Mabel Glover.

The Ladies' Choral Club, Miss Hillary musical directress, will give its annual concert on Tuesday evening, May 3, at Association Hall, when Bendall's Lady of Shalott, a very interesting work, will be produced. In addition to this a number of detached pieces will be sung. Mrs. Adamson will be the soloist of the evening. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Nursing at Home Mission.

Some articles on Music in Toronto have recently appeared in a morning paper, the last of which seems to assume that SATURDAY NIGHT has no right to discuss the welfare of the Philharmonic Society or to offer suggestions as to its best course of policy. It suggests "gratuitous advice," and also that I was, when I wrote, interested in other directions. I may as well say at once that I have no interest that can place me in any kind of rivalry with the Philharmonic Society, and I may fairly claim—as an old chorister of that society and as one who has during the last ten or twelve years stood in frequent business relations to the society—the right to hold my opinion as to its best course at a time when the policy pursued by its executive was not productive of the greatest popularity with the public, not yet productive of the adherence of a large and efficient chorus. When I add to this—my personal qualification for having an opinion—my right and duty as a public writer on musical subjects to criticize—and in proper fulfilment of criticism—to advise on what legitimately comes under my notice, I think I have fairly stated my justification. It is absurd to expect that an intelligent and honest writer on musical subjects should confine himself, in the case of the Philharmonic Society, to praise only of its doings and plans, in which case no charge of "gratuitous advice" would lie at his door. He should speak out fearlessly—this I have tried to do. If in the course of these remarks I am forced to speak plainly of matters not generally known by the public and not generally desired by the executive of the Philharmonic Society to be known, such disclosures are due, not to me or to my wishes, but rather to the unwisdom of those, high in Philharmonic Councils, who "filled up" the writer in the journal in question and caused him to speak in a compassionate manner of the work of one who is better informed on the subject than he.

The fact is that the Philharmonic Society is in debt, and naturally would like to get out of it. How the debt was incurred or how it accumulated, belongs to the dead past. The very live present demands that it should be reduced and similar events avoided in the future. In order to accomplish this the society must increase its popularity with the public and with those who could or should be expected to become and remain its active members. I have been attacked as to my suggestions regarding its policy as relates to its chorus. What I claimed to be the correct course has been approved of to me in conversation, by men prominent in the councils of every musical society in Toronto, not excepting that even of the Philharmonic Society. There are none so blind as those that will not see, and those who will not admit or consider that the proper way to popularize the chorus of the society is to raise the standard of its efficiency, are simply wilfully blind. It is admitted that there are not one hundred singers in Toronto who are sufficiently qualified as singers and as sight readers to form the nucleus of an especially effective oratorio chorus. This is simply a statement made in ignorance or designed to mislead. There are more than this number who would be available if they were assured that their time would be spent, not so much in learning their choruses, as in practicing their proper performance.

And it is in this matter that the point of the whole question lies. I made use of the term "duffers"—not very elegantly, perhaps, but it answered the purpose and expressed my meaning—in speaking of the singers, or would-be singers, that cluster around one who can read the music and hang on his voice in order "to learn the tune." (The quotation is taken from frequent remarks made to his chorus by Mr. Torrington himself.) Competent singers are wearied and annoyed by this sort of thing and by the time lost, and have withdrawn from the chorus in consequence. I am sure that many of these would return to the chorus if they were assured that they would meet with co-members of equal calibre with themselves. Had this not been the case, it would never have been possible to organize two societies for the rendition of part songs, the chief joy of whose members is the relief felt in not having to spend so much time in learning how to sing as in learning how to render what they can sing. If satisfactory results are to be achieved by a season's study in the Philharmonic Society when its chorus is composed of all who choose to drift into it, how much better such results would be if the individuals in the chorus were all as well qualified as singers as the few best of the present chorus!

The present course is justified by the claim that the society is an educator. So it should be. But it should be an educator of the public rather than one of a mass of singers, however laudable the latter effort may be. The formation of a small but thoroughly effective chorus and the assurance that none of less efficiency shall join it, would bring a number of well qualified singers who would gladly join in the study of oratorio, such a number as would surprise the Philharmonic executive, would improve its performances, and would enable it the better to educate the people into a love of one of the noblest forms of music. The education of singers would be far better accomplished if the society were to form classes in which sight-reading and a certain amount of tone-culture could be taught. Such a course would in a few years enable the society to have a chorus second to few in America. It is suggested in the article I speak of that I am not sufficiently well informed to judge in the matter, and that I do not know the difficulties to which a conductor is exposed. Those who know my individuality can determine for themselves the value of my opinions, while to others I will simply state the somewhat amusing fact that the journal in question has for the last ten years paid me, and still pays me, to write its notices of the principal musical events transpiring in Toronto.

While on the subject of newspapers and what appears in them, I must express my regret that so bitter a letter as that signed "Matter-of-Fact" should have appeared in several papers. Not because I disagree with him as to the desirability of the engagement of a first-class orchestra for the proposed festival, for I am heartily with him in that respect, but because his criticism of the orchestral work at the Choral Society concert is so harsh and unjust as to almost amount to persecution, and because he pre-supposes similar results at the forthcoming Philharmonic concerts. In such things as the concerts given by our local societies we are largely dependent upon local effort and local assistance for our *ensembles*, and the limit of criticism must be found in the limit of the possibilities at our hands. To damn such

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

King, who wore a similar dress of a lighter shade, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Georgina King, little Miss Marguerite King, daughter of Dr. E. E. King, little Miss Edith Hatch, the bride's cousin, and Miss Millie Malcolm, niece of the groom. This pretty quartette wore white frocks. Mr. C. Franklin King was best man, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. George Robertson, B. A., of Olivette Congregational church. The house was filled with congratulating friends, who remained for the wedding breakfast, at which healths were drunk and happiness reigned supreme. Mr. John Donogh and Mr. Joseph Ruddy (to the latter of which gentlemen Mr. Malcolm was best man, some time since) proposed the health of the newly married couple, and Mr. Malcolm made a graceful reply. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm left on the midnight express for the west, and on their return from the honeymoon will take up house at 54 Bismarck avenue. A large number of very handsome gifts were presented to the bride and groom by their many friends, among which I noticed an elegant cabinet of cutlery, the tribute of Mr. Malcolm's fellow-employees in the firm of Gordon, Mackay & Co.

•

Miss McKay of North Ontario street has returned from a prolonged visit to the country.

•

Mr. D. W. Lamont has gone on a three months' business trip down east.

•

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. J. E. Graham on Saturday next.

•

Miss Bessie Williams, formerly of 23 Grosvenor street, who now resides in New York, is spending a fortnight with her relatives in Toronto.

•

The amateur theatrical boom is still on the move. The latest announcement is of a very taking farcical comedy, My Turn Next, to be given by the Sheridan Club at the Fencing Club entertainment at the Grand on the evening of May 5. The cast is as follows: Taraxicum Twitters, A. McLean Macdonell; Tim Colus, C. D. Scott; Tom Trap, H. Hulmer; Farmer Wheater, J. H. Moss; Lydia, Miss J. Cassels; Cicely, Miss M. Powell; Peggy, Miss Chadwick.

•

The Wednesday Musical Club give an At Home at the Art Gallery this evening from eight to twelve o'clock. I shall give further particulars next week.

•

The reunion of the French Club was unavoidably postponed from Thursday evening to this evening, when the club will meet at the residence of Mr. Castle, 45 Brunsdon street.

•

Among those Torontonians who spent Easter in New York were: Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mr. A. Ernest Mathews, Mr. Wm. Pinkerton, Mr. Wm. Pearson, Mr. F. Fe Backus, Mr. Arthur Ardagh, and Mr. Henry N. Baird.

•

Mrs. Charles Sheard of Jarvis street gives an At Home this afternoon.

•

The Y. W. C. Guild open their new building on McGill street with a concert and tea on next Monday evening. Among other artistes I notice that Miss Maud Sharp and Mrs. Coutts Bain have promised their services.

•

A very sweet and lovely Toronto maiden has joined the ranks of the matrons, since Miss Rachel Lee of Gloucester street became Mrs. George last Wednesday evening. The wedding was a very quiet one, and was celebrated at the home of the bride, only the family and immediate relatives being present. Mr. and Mrs. George left by evening train for Chicago, where they will reside in future.

•

The horse show which has been looked forward to with so much interest has amply fulfilled expectations. On Thursday, the opening night, a brilliant assembly of Toronto's *ton* gathered in the vice-regal presence. Smart gowns, spring styles and smiling faces were on every side, and those who understood equine perfections watched the noble occupants of the ring with growing enthusiasm, while those who scarcely knew a thorough-bred from a street car plug were fired to appreciative applause by the better informed among their neighbors. Among those present I remarked, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Hon. Frank Smith and party, Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers and party, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil and party, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gooderham and party, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. James and party, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hay and party, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra and party, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Hon. L. M. Jones and party, Messrs. Beardmore and party, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker and party, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting and party, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther and party, and a host of charming visitors from neighboring towns. I shall be able to give more particulars next week.

•

Thursday afternoon an impromptu matinee recital was given by the graduating class of the Ontario College of Oratory, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets, before a cosy gathering of well pleased people.

•

An interesting wedding, the parties to which are *tres connus* in our city, was celebrated in Montreal lately at the church of St. James the Apostle, when Mr. Edward W. Parker was married to Miss Georgina Margaret, daughter of Mr. Alexander M. Crombie, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The Rev. Canon Ellegood, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Smith, performed the solemn service. The church, which was beautifully decorated, was crowded with the friends of the groom and bride. The wedding was one of the season's events. The bride was given away by her father. Her three cousins, Miss Georgie Crombie of Toronto, Miss Ross of Quebec, and Miss Duck, and the groom's sister, Miss Helen Parker, attended the bride. Two little pages, Masters Guy Drummond and Arthur Crombie, gracefully carried the train. The bride was attired in white embossed silk, trimmed with ostrich tips and orange blossoms, and the four charming bridesmaids wore white silk trimmed with silver, Leghorn hats and pink roses. They carried magnificent roses. Mr. W. Davidson Parker of Toronto acted as best man, and Messrs. Cunhill, Drummond and Esdaile assisted. At the church were noticed the Rev. Abbe Ramsay, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Henderson, Colonel Henshaw, Major Radigir, Capt. E. C. P. Guy, Lieut. Cantlie, Lieut. Stewart, Capt. Desbaras, all brother officers of the groom, Senator and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne of Ottawa, Mrs. and Miss Crombie of Ottawa, Mr. Marcellus Crombie of Toronto, Miss Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Greenshields, Mrs. Davidson Parker, Mr. John L. Morris, Mr. and Miss Crathern, Mr. W. R. Wonham.

Music.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

because we do not achieve the impossible is to lead to the extinction of everything like local effort. What is desirable and what might be possible for a large festival is impossible in the case of an isolated society, yet that society's efforts and those of its orchestra are simply a performance that is the best to be had under the circumstances of time, money and individual capacity, and should be encouraged as an aspiration to better things. I do not know who 'Matter-of-Fact" is, but I am constrained to draw two deductions. First, when a man writes in so positive a strain, with such wholesale denunciation as he does, his words would have much more weight if he were manly enough to give his name instead of a *nom de plume*. My second thought is that he must be a professional man, and as such probably an executant as well as a theorist. How would he like his playing or singing to be judged by the highest standard, and because he failed to attain such an ideal—as I am dead sure he would—to be told what he tells our orchestra players, that he is "no good," not fit to be heard, and should not be heard? Or if he is a teacher, to be measured by the best in the land and told to saw wood instead of teach? Yet that is precisely what he would urge, the total abrogation of all local work in music. I heartily hope that our festival committee will not rely upon a local orchestra, for that would be ruinous to the scheme, but I decidedly feel that this should be urged without speaking in so discouraging a vein as did our anonymous friend.

•

Speaking of festivals, I find that the committee has decided upon a festival in 1895. So far, so good. But these gentlemen have adjourned until September when they will proceed to work. This is a grave mistake, for there is work to be done with the chorus, soloists and orchestra to be selected and engaged, which should all be commenced in September if the May or June event is to be an artistic success. Before this can be done the guarantee list should be subscribed, the works chosen, and music ordered from England. All this is the work of months and if not begun before September, feverish haste and inefficiency with possible collapse of the scheme will be the result. The main thing that will occupy time will be the organization and rehearsing of the chorus, and seven or eight months will not be found too long a time for this purpose. Wake up, gentlemen, and have your work well in hand.

•

The demand for seats for the Edward Lloyd concert is still strong at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' music warerooms. He is a host in himself, to say nothing of the brilliant company of artists who will support him at the Pavilion, Thursday, May 5.

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A young man desirous of a fine appearance seeks an interview with a tailor and is shown different pieces of cloth, one of which has attracted his fancy, and without any more choice tells him how he felt when wearing his last suit. There was an indescribable feeling of a want of comfort, so much so that no care was taken of the garments which soon had the appearance of old clothes, and in time made the wearer wish he had not patronized that particular merchant tailor nor listened to his words of praise of himself and disagreeable sayings of others in the same line of business. Now, my object is not to run any down and not blatantly speak words of praise, but at all times am willing to let work from my place of business speak for me. When months have passed you can see that the general appearance of the garments is good, thereby telling you the work is well done and has even yet that fine finished look which hard usage cannot destroy. I can assure you, and thousands whom we have made clothes for, will prove my sayings to be true, that you will be pleased to tell your friends of the comfort you have derived from the wearing of a suit made by us, and happiness in knowing you are so well clothed that you may appear in any society. In connection with a perfect fit you can find a very choice selection of the finest goods that can be bought in the European markets at HENRY A. TAYLOR'S Fashionable Tailoring Establishment, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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Quotations for Farm Seeds, Fertilizers, Implements, &c.; Oil Cake, Cotton Seed Meal, &c.; Superphosphate, Nitrate of Soda, Bone Dust, &c. Specialties---Choice Eastern Timothy Seed, Rawdon, Clover.

Write for my 37th Annual Catalogue.

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RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

CUT THIS OUT

The World's Only Genuine Curative

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Moncton, N. B.—C. T. Nevins, Retail Druggist
Quebec, Que.—W. B. Rogers, Retail Druggist
Cookshire, Que.—Wm. Macrae, Dental Surgeon
Montreal, Que.—Kittson & Co., 185 St. James St., Montreal
Ottawa, Ont.—J. S. Dingman, 90 O'Connor Street, Printer
London, Ont.—Wm. Ellis, 98 Dundas St., Wholesale Hardware
St. Thomas, Ont.—J. Crocker & Son, Wholesale Leather Dealer
Tara, Ont.—Thomas R. Foster, Manufacturer of Woollens
Clinton, Ont.—James Twitchell, Boots and Shoe Merchant
Windsor, Ont.—J. P. Guillot, Grocer.
Galt, Ont.—T. H. Smith, Stationery and Books
Parry Sound, Ont.—M. A. Richmond, General Merchant
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Hillsburg, Ont. —R. J. & W. J. Liddell, Agriculture
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Stouffville, Ont.—Mrs S. Latchford
Woodstock, Ont.—Mrs. Cosford
Goderich, Ont.—W. C. Goode, Retail Chemist
Chatham, Ont.—A. & E. Pilkey, Retail Chemist
Kingston, Ont.—G. S. Hobart, Retail Chemist
Peterboro, Ont.—S. D. Tolley, Retail Chemist
Belleville, Ont.—R. Templeton, Retail Chemist
Madoc, Ont.—A. H. Dunlop, Retail Chemist
Brockville, Ont.—T. J. B. Harding, Retail Chemist
Uxbridge, Ont.—L. McGillivray, Retail Chemist
North Bay, Ont.—S. F. Huntington, Constable
Winnipeg, Man.—R. W. Stark, 650 Main St., Dental Surgeon

The above list of agencies will demonstrate to any doubting ones that Microbe is something more than a mere medicine. These agents, nearly every one of them, became converts through the use of M. K. upon themselves first. They have all been handling it now for a year and even longer, and know whereof they speak. Surely such a list, embracing as many different professions as it does, ought to create enough interest in the minds of those who see this advertisement to make them feel as if they wanted to investigate for themselves. No other remedy in Canada or elsewhere can show such an array of good, substantial business men and women advocating it as can the Microbe Killer. Why is it thus? Because M. K. is all that is claimed for it; a true curative one, which merits such an introduction.

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Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland

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Aunt Keziah—Hetty, why will you insist upon marrying that young rake, Bob Sawyer, when you can just as well have John Staples, a model young man?

Hetty (earnestly)—Because, aunty, I can lecture Bob, but John would lecture me.

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We have received instructions from

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(Who are retiring from the retail portion of their business)

to offer the whole of their valuable stock of

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Fine Electro-plated Ware
Knives, Forks & Spoons
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Copperware
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&c., &c.

BY

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POSITIVELY NO RESERVE

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Carminative Mixture

This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

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Parisian and New York Features

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Our stock is large and varied, containing all the gems that the Milliner's Art can produce, some of the newest effects being in **Jet and Flowers**, which, for the present season, bids fair to be very popular. Flowers are to be used to profusion; we have a choice stock to select from. In **Fancy Straw Hats** we show the very choicest of ideas. Every lady should also see our stock of Fancy Silk and Sateen Blouse Waists now so popular; we have just opened up a line of these goods specially imported by us.

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33, 35, 37, 39, 41 and 43 King Street East

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COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
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SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 595 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
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OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW

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Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger mark.

A Trial is Sufficient to Establish its Merits

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

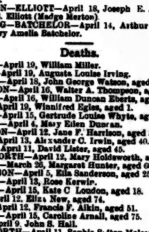
SIEVERT—At 75 River street, Monday, April 18, wife of L. Sievert jr.—a son.
McLEAN—April 15, Mrs. A. D. McLean—a son.
MOORE—April 16, Mrs. T. D. S. Moore—a daughter.
EATON—March 21, Mrs. Edward Eaton—a son.
JONES—April 10, Mrs. George H. Jones—a son.
BOOMER—April 12, Mrs. J. E. Boomer—a son.
JONES—April 12, Mrs. J. A. Jones—a daughter.
MEREDITH—April 13, Mrs. E. A. J. Meredith—a son
PEARSON—April 10, Mrs. James Pearson—a son.
FOY—April 12, Mrs. Augustine Foy—a daughter.
DEAN—April 14, Mrs. H. B. Dean—a son.
VOKES—March 25, Mrs. J. L. Vokes—a son.
RAE—April 12, Mrs. J. J. Rae—a daughter.
CLEARHUE—April 4, Mrs. H. Clearhue—a daughter.

Marriages.

LAMBERT—FORBES—At the residence of Mrs. A. J. Wenham, Franklin avenue, Cleveland, O., on Thursday, April 7, 1898, by Rev. Mr. Ayes of St. John's church, Mr. Leonard Lambert, accountant Traders Bank of Canada, Aylmer, to Miss Annie Melvina Forbes of Cleveland.
BRAYLEY—LONGHI—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Thursday, April 14, by Rev. Mr. Montecuccory, Adele Pellitia youngest daughter of John Napoleon Longhi to Reginald W. eldest son of Robert Brayley of Toronto.
HOWE—CAMERON—April 19, Joseph Howe to Agnes Mary Cameron.
FROUD—CLARKE—April 13, Frank Froud to Rose Clarke.
SCOTT—DAVIS—April 14, Arthur Scott to Minnie Davis.
COATES—HARVEY—April 14, Albert Coates to Clara Harvey.
MacKEAND—HADLEY—April 14, Thomas K. MacKeand to Charlotte Hadley.
GORDON—ELLIS—April 12, Edgar Gordon to Fanny Ellis.
LEES—FERGUSON—April 13, George Lees to Katie Ferguson.
VIRGIN—McFARLANE—April 15, William Virgin to Maggie McFarlane.
LENNOX—LEWIS—April 13, John F. Lennox to Lelia F. Lewis.
ATKINSON—ELLIOTT—April 18, Joseph E. Atkinson to Ella S. Elliott (Madge Merton).
SPARLING—BATCHELOR—April 14, Arthur H. Sparling to Mary Amelia Batchelor.

Deaths.

MILLER—April 10, William Miller.
IRVING—April 10, Augusta Louisa Irving.
WATSON—April 18, John George Watson, aged 19.
THOMPSON—April 16, Walter A. Thompson, aged 6.
ROBERTS—April 16, William Duncan Roberts, aged 50.
EGLES—April 19, Winnifred Egles, aged 1.
WHYTE—April 15, Gertrude Louise Whyte, aged 27.
DUNCAN—April 4, Mary Ellen Duncan.
HARRISON—April 12, Jane F. Harrison, aged 10.
IRWIN—April 15, Alexander G. Irwin, aged 40.
LISTER—April 11, David Lister, aged 45.
HOLDSWORTH—April 12, Mary Holdsworth, aged 74.
HUNTER—March 25, Margaret Hunter, aged 60.
SANDERSON—April 3, Ella Sanderson, aged 25.
KERWIN—April 13, Rose Kerwin.
LOUDON—April 15, Kate C. Loudon, aged 18.
NEW—April 12, Eliza New, aged 74.
ATKIN—April 12, Francis P. Atkin, aged 51.
ARNALL—April 13, Caroline Arnall, aged 75.
HALL—April 9, John S. Hall.
MOLESWORTH—April 11, Sophia Sutton Molesworth.
ELWOOD—April, Ellen Elwood, aged 51.
WISMER—April 16, Howard Williams Wismer, aged 4.
SMITH—April 16, Katie Smith, aged 2.
BARON—April 12, Matilda Ann Baron.



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We have just received two specially beautiful upright of the above renowned makers. The prices, we admit, are high, but not more so than the musical qualities.

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It is positively necessary that the above immense stock be greatly reduced at once. To enable us to do so we propose to sell at a discount from 10 to 50 per cent. off our former low prices. This elegant stock is comprised of the following lines: Trunks, made for us especially; Travelling Bags and Satchels, made for us especially; Fitted Toilet Bags and Cases, imported direct from the English makers; Pocket Books and Purses, from France and Germany; Brush and Comb Sets—Ivory and Imitation, and all other varieties of Fancy Goods.